

MEMOIRS
OF THE
BEDFORD
COFFEE-HOUSE.

By a GENIUS.



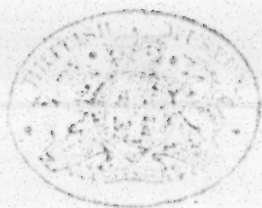
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To the MOST

Impudent MAN alive.

Illustrious SIR,

IT is with the highest sense of your merit, that I take the liberty of dedicating the following sheets to you, as the properest person to secure this work from the sneers of self-imagined wits, and the attacks of pseudo-critics. So modest a performance requires a doughty champion to protect it from the rage of folly and impertinence: And who so fit as you, Sir, *The most impudent Man alive?*

I mean not to flatter you, or adulate your parts and abilities, great as they are: I leave that to sycophants and
a 2 mercenary

DEDICATION.

mercenary dedicators. The world is already sufficiently acquainted with you and your virtue, to need no comment from so bashful a pen as mine. The purport of this address is, therefore, only to intreat your countenance, so essential in all great enterprizes, in the prosecution of this work; which will confer an inestimable obligation on,

S I R,

Your humble Admirer,


The Blushing A U T H O R.



MEMOIRS

OF THE

Bedford Coffee-House.

T is surprising that this place, so replete with matter, and such a field for observation, should have hitherto escaped the pens of all our historians, novelists, and memoir-writers. This spot, which has been signalized, for many years, as the emporium of wit, the seat of criticism, and the standard of taste, is likely to be obliterated to posterity, if some ad-

B

venturous

venturous bard should not deign to transmit its anecdotes to that period, when we may reasonably suppose, thro' the natural vicissitude of things, no vestiges of it can possibly remain. With this laudable design, I have ventured to take up the quill, which, though feeble, will exert itself to convey an impartial idea of this receptacle of modern genius's, to point out the various changes it has underwent for these ten years last past, relate the most interesting histories of those who have frequented it, and depict a lively description of those scenes which have rendered it the most celebrated.

The situation of this place necessarily makes it a convenient assembly for those who frequent the theatres, as well as those who exert their talents to please the public in dramatic performances;

ances ; and, for the same reason, it may be looked upon as the centre of gravitation between the court and city ; the noxious effluvia of St. Bride's is here corrected by the genuine Eau de Luce from Pallmall, and the predominance of ambergrise at St. James's is qualified by the wholesome tar of Thames-street. Nor does the conversation receive a less happy effect from this junction ; the price of stocks, and the lie of the day from the Alley, are softened by the *bon mot* of Lady Dolabella, which set every soul at the Duchess Trifle's rout in a titter ; or the duel that was fought this morning between Captain Terrible and Lord Puncto, when both of them were mortally wounded *in the coat*. By this fortunate menstruum in conversation all political controversies are prevented ;

and one scarce knows here how affairs go in Germany, without a mail is in that day, and the Doctor is under some apprehensions for the King of Prussia. In that case we are generally diverted, in every sense, by a story from F—te, or the pursuit of a mouse by some *Knight Errant*, famous in chivalry. By these means (though politics are seldom brought upon the carpet) a battle in Saxony, or a rout in Westphalia, have been accurately illustrated, to the pleasure and satisfaction of all bye-standers. A student never launches from Oxford or Cambridge; a lawyer's clerk never claps on a sword, or a haberdasher's' prentice a cue-wig, but he makes his appearance here. In a word, a blood never comes upon the town, or a hero never goes off the stage, without taking his degrees here. It is
here

here that modesty and bashfulness, which distinguish the young men of spirit of this age, are first acquired: It is here they receive their finishing stroke of education, and start genius's, critics, bucks, fops, and fools.

Though it must certainly be acknowledged, that *dramatic affairs* are here the *affairs of state*, and it is of more visible (ay, and real) importance to the majority, whether the *little man* still remains at the *helm*, than whether Mr. P— is *in* or *out* of the adm—n; there are matters of other consequence transacted here. There is scarce a quarrel of any import, that has not had its rise, its progress, or its issue here: the heroes generally make their appearance, at least once upon this stage (so near and so analogous to the others); and should they be so unfor-

tunate as to lose something in point of *fame*, they generally make it up in point of *noise*. This may be called the theatre of valour and punctilio, and is the proper spot for a court of honour; a thing so much wanted, and so little understood in this kingdom.

Another class who resort hither, make very little noise, either at the Bedford, or in the world, though their sole business is to be heard and attended to: I mean we gentlemen authors, who scrawl upon our knees for want of a table, run a tick at the chandler-shop for our paper, and have scarce interest with our landlady for a dinner. I shewed this very piece, when I had got thus far, to mine; and I should have went without a meal, had it not been upon the Bedford Coffee-house score.—O! Mr. Hobster,—you know
not

not what obligations I have to you!—
 How often have I went on trust with
 you for a supper! How often have I
 had coffee and bread and butter in lieu
 of a dinner! How often have I skulk-
 ed out of the back-door, when I have
 had no money to pay! What pro-
 vender! what supplies do I see *in fu-*
turo upon the credit of your house!
 But, I say, no more as to self. A poor
 author is but a bad theme.

In the year 1751, from whence I
 date these memoirs, Dr. H— com-
 menced a new paper under the title
 of *Inspector*, which he ushered into
 the world with panegyrical remarks
 on Mr. Grey's elegy in a country
 church-yard: the paper succeeded be-
 yond the author or the publisher's
 most sanguine expectations, as long as
 he remained incognito; but a certain

natural vanity, which that gentleman could never surmount, prompted him to reveal the author of so well received a piece; and from that moment he made himself answerable for what was published under his sanction. In the course of his lucubrations he had attacked some private characters; but as this was done under a masked battery, he escaped with impunity. A duel that happened at the Braund's head in Bond-street, gave him occasion to censure a Lady's conduct, who was entirely blameless; the world took share in her injury, and he lost credit in proportion, with them. The last resource of prostitutes is to support themselves by the means they have been debased; and, sorry I am to say it, the Doctor adopted this maxim, which cost him not only his literary, but

but also his personal reputation. Mr. B—, an Irish merchant, who had travelled abroad, and was on his return to Ireland, in London, had been represented to him as a proper character for ridicule; the Doctor, without hesitation, drew him at length. Mr. B— presently knew himself, and wrote to the Doctor, insisting upon a public declaration, that the character there drawn was not meant for him. Mr. H—, instead of complying herewith, published his letter, which was not exempt from some grammatical and orthographical errors: this so exasperated Mr. B—, that he posted the Doctor at the Bedford, threatening him with bodily correction wherever he met him: and he was as good as his word; for, a few nights after, meeting him at Ranelagh, he found

an opportunity of pulling off his wig, and buffeting it about his face, which the Doctor bore with all the philosophical resignation of a Diogenes.

However, the Doctor endeavoured to palliate his conduct upon this occasion; and represented, *in his paper*, that he had been attacked by several armed men in one of the bye-walks, who had used him so ill that his life was in danger:—But this only served to increase the ridicule against him, and, instead of re-instating him in the good opinion of the public, brought upon him a shoal of sarcasms, which, at length, obliged him to drop his paper. He did not, however, accomplish this, before he had endeavoured to corrupt Mr. Fielding, who then wrote the *Covent-Garden Journal*, so far as to want him to commence an
imaginary

imaginary literary war, which he thought would be the means of still supporting his paper; but this Mr. Fielding refused, with a just spirit of resentment.

Thus ended the *Inspector*, which had given rise to this *reign* of the Bedford; had placed there the Lion from Button's, which proved so serviceable to *Steele*, and once more fixed the dominion of wit in Covent-Garden.

In the course of these papers, the Doctor had taken occasion to animadvert upon the conduct of the managers of the theatres; particularly with respect to a rival pantomime, which then engaged the attention of the town; and Mr. Woodward, who performed Harlequin, found himself criticised in his conduct, for having

Robert Garrick
 taken notice of a person, who threw an apple from one of the boxes. This Woodward very smartly resented in a letter to the Doctor, which the world attributed to Mr. Garrick.

The reign of wit and pleasantry did not, however, cease at the Bedford upon the demise of the Inspector; a race of punsters next succeeded; a particular box was allotted for this occasion, out of the hearing of the Lady at the bar, that the *double entendres*, which were sometimes very indelicate, might not offend her.

Beaumont
Errato was born and bred an apothecary; from a smattering of the classics, and the reading of minor authors, he fancied—nay, he believed the world fancied him a wit; and he endeavoured to support both the opinions. He had, notwithstanding, hoped

ped up and down the Bedford for some years, without being noticed for any thing but the size of his periwig, and the width of his mouth: but a lucky accident, as he and his friends thought it, brought him into some repute. Dr. H— and he had a little altercation; which was, however, always conducted like men of letters, without coming to blows or sword-drawing; and, upon an egregious pun that *Errato* made in the Doctor's hearing, he applied to him Dennis's axiom, that " he who would pun, " would pick a pocket ;" which excited *Errato* to call for the *Inspector* to go backwards with him. This nettled the Doctor; and he took his revenge, by publishing, in the same paper, a letter that came to his hands, written by *Errato* to Mr. L— the finger, all in
puns,

puns, to beg an order. This immortalized Errato ; and he was, from this moment, universally stiled the *punning apothecary*.

Mr. *Town* was second of the group. This person, who had become possessed of a genteel fortune, from a strong impulse of being acquainted with actors, and a desire of being thought judicious in theatrical performances, with a very slender knowledge of his own or any other language, had usurped to himself the power and authority of deciding the merits of all theatrical productions, and all new actors. He had the address to enforce his prerogative so far, that, when any new piece was represented, he was surrounded in the pit by a set of young templars, and dangles about the other inns of court, who call themselves students,

students, together with merchants clerks, and journeymen mercers, who formed a cabal upon these occasions, to pronounce peremptorily upon the merit of the production ; but in doing this they did not pretend to have any opinion, but only to eccho that of Mr. Town, who gave the word, and judgment was accordingly pronounced. This judgment was always ratified immediately after the performance at an assembly held at the Bedford, which was thenceforward, without appeal, irrevocable.

Philocleus was an Irish student, brought up to the law: he was genteel in person, and had that easy insignificant manner, which the unskilful take for address. He had an early attachment with the theatrical world ; and, by an interested connection with
the

Barry the tall actor, he was always partially influenced in his favour, and for whatever regarded him : but this was never so visible as in his espousing the cause of Miss Nossiter, on her first appearance in the character of Juliet. A critique was wrote upon her performance, which the public voice gave to Mr. M—y, and this was sufficient for *Philocleus* to call him to an account,—so great a champion was he for the *Nossiterian* cause.—Several conferences were held at the Bedford, in which some table-orations were made by *Philocleus*, to prove that he would never forgive the author of that libel : nor was his oratory destitute of merit or invention ; he introduced a new figure—a powerful *Prosopopæia*—that had entirely escaped Demosthenis, Cicero, and all the moderns, which
 Humphrey

I know

I know no other name for than the *Glassiopoëia*. This was of great service in enforcing his argument and concluding the debate, at least, for the evening; for a gentleman having been very attentive to his rhetoric, though on the other side the question, was convinced of the strength of his reasoning by a glass of capillaire, which washed his face and cleared his understanding. This stroke was the very essence of gymnastic oratory, and was classed with the *brandish*, which was also then first introduced with great success, and without any other ill-effect than that of slightly wounding one Auditor. It is surprising that Mr. Sheridan and his late contemporary orators should not have taken the least notice of these two new *figures*, so happily

pily invented and applied by *Philocleus*.

When the debate had come to this pitch between the contending parties, it was conceived nothing but death could end the dispute, and that the literary world must have lost a bard by the conflict. But Providence orders every thing for the best; for no sooner had Ranger prepared his weapons (which biographers say was the first time of his publicly appearing with a sword) but *Philocleus* was convinced of his error, and satisfied that Ranger could never have penned the performance. This lucky and unexpected reconciliation the Republic of Letters has much reason to be thankful for, as, in case of any accident happening to *Philocleus*, they would have been deprived

ed of that masterly performance of his, which Mr. B—y, with much labour and assiduity, brought upon Covent-Garden stage. This tragedy will remain a lasting ornament of British or Irish genius, as Philocleus's friends take particular care to have it bound with the best editions of Shakespear.

It was at this period that Mr. M—y first wrote in the *Craftsman*, which, from the most esteemed political paper, in the hands of Bolingbroke, Pultney, and the rest of the anti-league, was now dwindled to a mere common place country journal, with scarce an advertisement tacked to it, to give it the form of a news-paper. In this condition it fell into that gentleman's hands, who once more revived its fame, not as a political or party paper, but
as

as an instructive and amusing publication. To him we were first indebted for what was called *true intelligence*, which contained a criticism upon theatrical affairs, and satirical observations upon the most reigning topics of conversation. His *news for a hundred years hence*, was a very fine stroke upon the Jew bill: this, and some other pieces of the like kind, made him first be taken notice of as a public writer; and, upon some difference between him and the publisher of the *Craftsman*, he set up a paper upon his own bottom, which he called the *Gray's-Inn Journal* (a title he had added to that of the *Craftsman*) and which he continued with the same spirit till he came upon the stage, first in the character of Othello. The world has since been sufficiently acquainted with this gentleman

gentleman to need no farther comment upon him, or his writings.

Specio was a doubtful character: a mixture of the fop and floven, of the wit and gamester; he for some time puzzled the world to decide upon his vocation, and had he not too early discovered himself to be the successor of Mr. M—y in the Craftsman, he might have passed unnoticed as a genius, or a darling of the muses. The *juice of criticism* first recommended him to the publisher; and had he continued the true intelligence with any thing of the same spirit as was in that receipt, the paper would not have languished a twelvemonth in his hands. He has since written some fugitive pieces, the titles of which are scarce remembered by any but him and his publishers, and he is now concerned in one of the new Magazines.

Magazines. *Specio*, with these trifling abilities, was now in the meridian of his wit and gallantry ; he was, at least, a fourth rate punster, though he would scarce give up the palm to the great Errato, whom he envied and abused. A bumper extraordinary made him the greatest whoremaster of the age, with the powers of a Valetudinarian ; and his success in intrigue would have made one fancy him an Adonis, did not his face bear a great resemblance of that animal's which so much resembles man.

Mopsy, the *beau* of the age, must certainly find a place in this list of genii. With parts to have done credit to a much more useful life, he was the dupe of abandoned women, and the ridicule of more abandoned men. His greatest ambition was to be well dressed,
and

and his greatest lust to say *a good thing* at the Bedford, which he himself approved by smacking his box, and taking a pinch of snuff. His whole life might be epitomized in one day. He rose about noon, breakfasted, drest; whilst his man was curling his hair, he read; not that he gave any attention to his author; but that, in case any one should drop in, it might corroborate what he thought *a bon mot*, and which he often repeated, "Whilst the outside of my head is ornamenting, I do not neglect the inside." When dressed, if fine weather, the park was the constant place of his resort: when he had shewn himself here for an hour or two, he dined at a tavern or chop-house, looked over his list of women, pitched upon one he had not lain with, and ordered the tavern-waiter to get her ready by
such

such an hour. After having fauntered at the play or coffee-house, till the hour of appointment, he supped with his girl, and passed the evening with her at a bagnio, or his chambers. Thus he lived, thus he died, without a friend with scarce an enemy but himself; professing in his last moments, that, did he know one person who really esteemed him, he would bequeath him his whole fortune, which was very considerable; but, as he did not, he left to a distant relation, whom he had never seen.

Harmonicus was born a musician though his father was an upholsterer his merit and abilities were passed in doubt, and could be exceeded by nothing but Handel and his own vanity which did not only induce him to believe, that he was a great musician

ut that he was a great wit, a great
 poet, a great scholar; things which
 one should imagine, from the common
 run of the musical world, were incom-
 patible with harmony: however, he
 had a smattering sufficient to initiate
 him amongst the board of wits, and
 he took his place accordingly. *Har-*
monicus was a man of great intrigue,
 though he admired his wife even to a
 fault; he has been known to be the
 only fascinated auditor, whilst she was
 singing in a public place, and he the
 only man in a suit of velvet in the
 dog-days. But let it be remembered,
 that *Harmonicus*, though amorous, was
 of a cold constitution: he had every
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C

Thus

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but that he was a great wit, a great poet, a great scholar; things which one should imagine, from the common run of the musical world, were incompatible with harmony: however, he had a smattering sufficient to initiate him amongst the board of wits, and he took his place accordingly. *Harmonicus* was a man of great intrigue, though he admired his wife even to a fault; he has been known to be the only fascinated auditor, whilst she was singing in a public place, and he the only man in a suit of velvet in the dog-days. But let it be remembered, that *Harmonicus*, though amorous, was of a cold constitution: he had every feature of a rake, without the ability of being vicious; his imagination truly feculent, was curbed by the morbid habit of his body.

C

Thus

Thus have I already convened the Inspector, Errato, the Town, Philocleus, Ranger, Specio, Mopsy, and Harmonicus, the eight principal members of the bawdy-box ; and I shall now give a dialogue, pretty nearly as it passed between these eight wits, on the utility of whoredom, and the propriety of fornication.

Inf. Marriage is not only a holy institution, and what every man who professes himself a Christian should advance ; but it is also a very wise regulation, and politically just ; otherwise how could we determine the right of inheritance, and the legality of succession ?

Mops. The Turks have as many wives as they can support, and a man's riches at Constantinople, are always known by the number of his concubines :

bines : a cobbler at the Porte, is happier than a duke here ; and yet there is never any dispute concerning succession, or inheritance, among the subjects.

Rang. The reason is obvious : Our laws and the Mahometans are very different ; the eldest son does not there succeed to the title and estate by inheritance, nor is the legality of birth of any consequence.

Er. Ay,—ay,—the *estate in tail* there, is all they inherit.

Spec. A broad-backed Janissary might make his fortune at Petersburg, if he were properly introduced into the closet.

Har. By fornication I do not understand the act of generation, which can never be a crime, as it is certainly natural, and productive of good to society,

in supplying it with members; but it is the abuse and prostitution of this act that renders it criminal; and it is blending morality with custom, to talk of the policy or legality of the deed.

Phil. Continnence was looked upon as a virtue in all ages; the greatest heroes have piqued themselves upon it; and every thinking man must agree with the Doctor, that where celibacy is not to be arrived at, the most eligible state is that of marriage.

Town. Many considerations enter into the argument; a man's situation in life; the advantages and disadvantages he may derive from marriage; his connections and expectancies; his own disposition and power of constancy; meeting with an object suited to his mind.

Er. The object must certainly be the
woman,

woman, or the money: if it is the woman, you must as certainly meet with her, or else you could not marry her:—if it is the money, a prudent man will make sure of it before he ties the indissoluble knot. With regard to connection, we may suppose that *middling*; and, as to expectancy, if he marries for love, that will *center* in the first night's consummation.

Spec. Marriage is certainly to be preferred, where fortune and affections suit; but as there are so few ten thousands, and so many Xantippes, without my being the least of a Socrates, I believe I shall go on in a regular course of fornication, to avoid the felicities of matrimony; which are too highly coloured for me ever to think of copying.

Inf. You talk like young men un-
C 3 experienced.

experienced. I have been married, though now single; and I place amongst the happiest of my days, those which I passed with my wife; and I have the highest expectation from such another union.

Rang. I believe, Doctor, you will not, with all your sanctity, pretend to alledge your constancy; and, if one may judge by the rapturous stile of the letters you have published, Mrs. Diamond gave you higher notions of bliss and extasy than Mrs. H—— did.

Er. Such valuable jewels are only worn for ornament. Mrs. H—— was a piece of domestic furniture for use.

Inf. You press very hard upon me, Gentlemen; but please to remember, that Mrs. H—— was dead, before ever my connection with Mrs. D—— began.

Er.

Er. But pray, Doctor, was Mrs. H—defunct, when she discovered you in close embrace with Mrs. A—, whose story you introduced in your assumed character of Mr. Lovell, whose adventures you have given the public.

Inf. It is all a fable, invented to hurt her with the world; and particularly Mr. C—y, who is upon the point of marrying her.

Er. If it be a fable, it is you yourself that have applied the moral, and therefore ingross all the scandal.

Har. Pray, Gentlemen, let's avoid touching upon private characters in this disquisition. The Doctor is but a man, and fallibility is his lot. We are not talking of what we do, but what is the most eligible to be done.

Town. From the present nature and disposition of things, it would be as

fruitless to think of preventing fornication, as it would to suppress eating; be it a vice, it is a necessary one, which the most polished states have winked at, and which has its use not only in banishing greater and unnatural crimes, but also in promoting the safety of virgins, and preventing fatal attacks upon the marriage-bed. Were there no prostitutes, the profligacy of mankind would soon find means to create them; and many a virtuous daughter and chaste wife would fall a victim to the Sabine-like brutality of lust.

Rang. All that can be thought of as a remedy, is the proper regulation of this vice, which should not be so openly and publicly practised: our streets should be cleared of prostitutes, who are guilty of the greatest obscenities in the open day, and at night

night lay wait for their prey of unwary youth, or the more mature, overcome with the fumes of wine. If they are a necessary evil, they should be considered as such, and kept within proper bounds ; particular streets should be allotted for their residence, and any found out of their district should be severely punished.

Spec. If we go so far in their regulation, it would be better to go a step farther ; establish public stews at once, which might answer every end of whoredom, and, in a great measure, prevent many of the inconveniences that result from it. Prostitutes, registered, and classed, as they are at Venice, would prevent many frauds and robberies committed in our brothels ; and, if they underwent an examination every day, with regard to their health,

and were severely chastised upon deception, the venereal disorder would be greatly restrained in its progress, and nobody would have reason to complain, without it were the doctors and surgeons. I have thrown together the hints of a treatise, which I intend soon to give the public upon this head.

Mops. This will be a very useful work to the public. Pray, remember to settle the price of the ladies according to their different classes, as well as the rates of bagnio-bills, both which are insupportable. I have one in my pocket, that I paid this morning, which I think ought to be taxed. (*Reads*)

N ^o . IV.			<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
To Bread and beer	—		0	2	6
Soals and dressing	—		1	5	0
Scotch collops	—		0	9	0
Tarts	—	—	0	3	0
Wine	—	—	1	4	0
Fire	—	—	0	3	0
Wax-lights		—	0	2	6
Ribbon for night-caps			0	5	0
House	—	—	0	10	0
Breakfast	—	—	0	4	6
Chair-hire		—	0	6	0
Paid at the bar (<i>to a</i>)		}	1	1	0
<i>Lady returned</i>	—				
			<hr/>		
			5	14	6

Insp. Five pounds fourteen shillings and six-pence, for a night's lodging, besides the present to Madam!—A very moderate bill, indeed!

Har. Pray, Sir, how many ladies had you?

Mops. Only one for the evening, who was in the house when I went; the other I sent away after supper.

Spec. And yet here is chair-hire for half a dozen, a mile from Covent-Garden. This is absolutely an imposition, and cognizable by any magistrate, even though he lived in Bow-street.

Er. No, no; it is not worth while troubling his Worship with such trifling matters.—Have your bill taxed by the trade, I am sure they will do you justice; but take care that neither Mrs. D—g—s, Mrs. G—d, nor Mrs. B—t, are impanelled, for they would have charged you double; and, you will find, they will discover some necessary articles have been omitted; such

Douglas
Gould
Beal

such as, *birch to light your fire with ;*

“ To rouse the Venus lurking in your veins,”

(As *Armstrong* has it)

a dozen or two of jellies, white gloves, and cold creams, to prevent heats in the morning, with along string of etcæteras, which we may suppose are here all flung in amongst dressing of the soals.—

(Just as *Mopsy* was going to reply to this Pharmatic wit, his prime minister, Jack H-rr-s, appeared at the bar, to give him intelligence of a lady that he had, with great art and persuasion, prevailed upon to wait at the next door, till he stepped in to see for the beau.—

This summons saved him some blushing, a good deal of humming and hawing, and at least an ounce of snuff, to prove, as he declared afterwards, he intended, that he did not know what *Errato* meant.)

—What! *Mopsy's* gone, without
having

having six-pence of his bill struck off for exorbitancy?

This learned conversation might, in all probability, have continued much longer, if it had not been interrupted by the intrusion of *Pertinacio*. This gigantic figure had borrowed some low wit, from frequenting the clubs of choice spirits, and had lately come to an affluence upon the demise of his father, who had laboured in the humble vocation of a carpenter, and he piqued himself upon being "a chip of the old block." He, nevertheless, put on the gentleman in every thing but his behaviour, which was always sarcastically impertinent towards the evening, when his head was filled more with the fumes of wine than ideas. In these moods he had lately made his appearance at the Bedford,

had

had said rude things to many, and *impromptus* to all; and was pronounced d—mned smart and clever. He told the Doctor to-night, that his wig sat better than he had seen since he had it dressed at Ranelagh; and enquired whether his barber Mr. B— was *Brown* in town? He asked Errato, whether he killed more with his physic than he made sick with his puns? — He was going on at this humorous rate with the whole room, when he unluckily met with a person, who distinguished between wit and impertinence, and very justly thought that no man had a right to abuse a whole assembly for his amusement; and, taking Pertinacio by the collar, he told him very plainly, and without equivocation, “ That, if he
 “ did not desist from his ill-timed and
 “ insolent raillery, he should give him
 that

that chastisement he deserved." In saying this he gave him a very hearty shake. Pertinacio took the hint, stifled his wit, and made a precipitate retreat, without examining the fitting of either his own or the Inspector's wig.

This giant being thus easily demolished, the coffee-room remained quiet for some evenings; wit, pleasantry, and punning, resumed their ancient seat, and M—ff—p, for a time, was the principal theme. His friends cried up his voice and person, his expression and accuracy; his opponents discovered he was awkward, affected, and left-handed; had a morose cast with his brow, which could never be softened to suit a pleasing character. The *Town* was, however, entirely on his side, though *Philocleus* would not admit him into any kind of competition with B—y.

F—te

F—te had given tea, gained a fortune and spent it, had turned matrimonial procurer with a supposed conjurer, and acquired another, which was dissipated as quick as the first: his genius was, as usual, his last resource; he had planned the fable of a new comedy, to accomplish which he made a tour to Paris, to catch the manners of those flighty metropolitans; and, upon his return, finished his piece, called the *Englishman in Paris*, which is the best written, and has the most merit of any of his performances. This piece was, as usual, critically discussed here: the friends of the author praised the language, admired the novelty of the thought, and the national moral it conveyed: his antagonists said the incidents were frivolous, the characters *outré's*, the language bombast in some parts,

parts, and low in others ; the plot ill-concerted, and the *dénoûement* forced ; and, above all, that he had no precedent for calling a performance that consisted but of two acts, a comedy. These sentiments did not, however, prejudice the public enough to condemn the work, which met with the approbation it deserved, and once more recruited the finances of this uncommon genius.

About this time several new characters appeared upon the theatre of the Bedford. A flying scuffle between a crazy knight, and an officer of the guards, had made every one take particular care not to have his sword involuntarily drawn from him. This affair was thus circumstanced : the knight was standing by the fire-place, when the captain approached, who, by turn

ing round, accidentally threw down a coffee-pot from the stand, which, in some measure, wetted his legs. This he construed into a direct affront; and, without asking an explanation, flew to a Gentleman's sword, who was standing by an adjacent box, drew it, without asking his leave, and wounded the Captain, before he was apprised of his intent, sufficiently to draw and defend himself. The consequence of this, after the evening, when surgeons attended, and pronounced the wounded Gentleman out of danger, was, that the knight was tried by a court-martial, and declared unfit to serve his Majesty hereafter in a military capacity, though he had, till then, bore his commission in the army.

Several skirmishes of less importance occurred about this period; but

as

as they mostly ended in a twitch by the nose, or a gentle kicking, we shall pass them over in as much silence as they were taken, in order to introduce the following new characters.

Spintilo was bred a haberdasher : he had tagged laces, and sold mittens, with the greatest success, for some years, in Cheapside. Unluckily he had a fortune left him, which was his ruin : he commenced Gentleman, found out the best washes for making hands white, and removing freckles ; took lodgings in Covent-Garden ; and, for the first time, put on a sword and embroidery. *Spintilo* was not by nature destined for a rake ; yet he professed debauchery : he was under the middle size, remarkably slender, but more remarkably foppish. Every woman he saw was a conquest ; every equipage the

the model of his own. With such talents and remarkable parts, it is not surprising that Spintilo should run out his fortune, consisting of no less than five hundred pounds, in two years ;— it is not surprising that he should not have married a lady with twenty thousand pounds ;—it is not surprising that he should take refuge in the verge of the court, and still be a fop :— but it is surprising he should get enlisted for a soldier (considering his height) ; and (considering his courage) that he should ever have the heart to go to Germany.

We shall illustrate this character with the story of one of his intrigues, which he used to relate himself. Sauntering one day, about noon, in Hyde-park, he overtook a lady, accompanied by a black boy in livery : her lap-dog
run

ran away, and the servant could not catch it; but he fortunately caught it, and brought it to the lady, who testified her satisfaction so much, that, in a discourse which ensued, she asked him home to dinner. He found her house as elegant as her person, and her repast worthy of both; she informed him she was married to a governor of one of our West India islands who was abroad, but whom she expected home soon; that she was adored by her husband, who was as rich as Cræsus. In saying this she dropped some hints that she had no small regard for our cavalier, whom she artfully complimented upon his elegant address, the gentility of his person, and the choice of his cloaths. Spintilo was in raptures; he could not eat for joy; he saw nothing but gilt chariots and birth-day suits before him; he

knew

knew not how to recommend himself the most ; he pulled out his best scented handkerchief, asked her if she approved the odour, and begged he might procure her some ; he proposed a party to Ranelagh ; a jaunt to Richmond ; a journey to Scarborough. He bespoke two new coats that very day ; and laid out all the money he could borrow, in a snuff-box, which he presented the lady with the next time he saw her ; he run in debt forty pounds with a jeweller for trinkets, which he, with great persuasion, prevailed upon her to accept.

He now thought himself at the eve of all his happiness, and expected every day to receive some present of great value, with notes for two or three hundred pounds inclosed. He could not devise the reason of the delay, as he
had

had thrown out some hints that his steward had been greatly disappointed by his tenants failure of paying their rents, on account of bad crops : however, he concluded he had been backward in point of gallantry, as he had scarce done more yet, than kiss the lady's lips. Spintilo resolved upon a bold attempt ; and, though he was conscious of his manly inabilities, which had hitherto deterred him from attacking the lady's virtue, fired with wine, he pressed her to a close embrace : she, at first, appeared greatly surprised ; but, by degrees, softening to his desires, she promised to make him happy the ensuing night.

Never did a night of bliss so terrify a lover. He rose early in the morning, came to the lady's, to know if she was still in the same mind. Some

to find she did not yet relent, he examined himself over and over, but could not be convinced he should be able to give her the satisfaction she expected. The appointed hour too early came; and he wrote a card, to make an apology for not waiting upon her, being taken suddenly ill; but then feeling his pulse, and thinking all his expectations would be destroyed by this apology, he took three cordials extraordinary to strengthen his courage, and repaired to the place of rendezvous.

When he entered the room, he found the Lady reclining on a sofa, reading Dryden's translation of *Ovid's art of love*: she asked his opinion of some lines, and desired him to read them to her, which the more perplexed him, as he had somewhat neglected his studies, and had not the happiest

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knack

knack at pronounciation ; however, he got over the lines, and thought it was time to make an attack, in form, upon the Lady. “ Madam,” said he, “ why should we lose time in perusing “ the theory of love, when we may “ so easily obtain the practice ? ” In saying this, he threw her on her back upon the Sopha, and made way with his hand to the seat of pleasure, which might an anchorite have warmed. But Spintilo experienced not the power of her charms ; for when he had thus far obtained, he found himself the only obstacle to enjoyment. He was now humming and hawing for an excuse, whilst his enamorata lay thus exposed, when the door opened, a middle-aged man entered : the Lady swooned, and Spintilo, unused to such frights, actually — his —. The person who
came

came in, recoiled some few steps with amazement ; but soon recovering, drew his sword, and would have made an end of our hero, had not the servants interfered, and prevented this fatal catastrophe. Spintilo had, before this time, learnt this was the Lady's husband, to whom he fell upon his knees, protesting his innocence, in saying, he vowed, before G-d ; " that it was not in " his power to injure him if he would." The Gentleman had the curiosity to examine ; and finding so small a pretence to virility, gave credit to his assertion, and discharged him with running the gauntlet thro' the hall, where every one of the servants (the cook-maid and scullion not excepted) had a kick at his breech.

Dorimont was florid and comely, toasted by the women, and envied by

the men. Dorimont dressed well, and piqued himself upon keeping good company; he was heir to five thousand a year, which he had already anticipated by loans, at *cent. per cent.* The ladies reaped the benefit of his credit, and did him the honour to drink his health in his own wine. He appeared one night at the Bedford, and a certain genius undertook to persuade him he looked very ill: — no man was ever more terrified with the thoughts of sickness than Dorimont; he turned pale upon the information, and looking in the glass, perceived the very visible alteration. He was easily prevailed upon to retire into the adjacent room, where a person with a physical periwig soon came, and recommending phlebotomy as the most effectual method of recovery, his coat was taken off, his shirt-sleeve turned

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ed up, and all the apparatus prepared; dreading the sight of the operation, he turned his head aside, when, lo! a tooth-pick was the lancet, and a glass of warm red tea poured over his arm, the issuant blood. Dorimont, with the assistance of a glass of water, escaped fainting, which was more than he had ever done upon a like occasion before. His arm was bound up; the usual chirurgical fee paid, and he began to fancy that the loss of a little blood had done him good. After this it would be needless to say Dorimont was no genius; he, nevertheless, assisted at the board of wits, and, though he had a natural impediment in his speech, has been heard to pronounce *damnation*, with as much emphasis as any man living, upon a new play or a new actor.

Dorimont was not thought to be naturally very courageous, but he was much inclined to have the world believe him so: fame, ill-natured fame, whispered that he had received some twitches by the nose, and had once fairly and philosophically underwent that ignominious chastisement of kicking, so fatal, as *Hudibras* has it, to the seat of honour. These reports had come round to him, which set him upon employing a certain wit, who acted in the humble character of a *toad-eater* and *sycophant*, to devise a means of wiping off this slur which was thrown upon him. Punctilius, after some cogitation, told him, the only sure method would be, to have an affair with some person, whom he should force to a submission. Dorimont shook his head at this advice, and

and plainly made the submission himself.—“ Sir, continued Punctilius, I
 “ don’t mean you should run any risk.
 “ I’ll fix upon a man whom you may
 “ be sure of conquering:—only have
 “ resolution enough to bear up to
 “ the last; and, in case of extremity,
 “ draw your sword, if he should have
 “ courage enough to do the same,
 “ which I very much doubt; I’ll take
 “ care to have chairmen ready to beat
 “ down your swords with their poles,
 “ and no harm shall come of it.”

Dorimont swore he would do it, if Punctilius could hit upon a proper object: Q—n had lately given the salutary advice of *soaping his nose to Poltronius*, upon having it once twitched in the public assembly at Bath, and he was judged the very man they wanted. Dorimont took an opportunity of throw-

ing a dish of scalding coffee over his legs, without making him any apology. Poltroni^{us} asked him what he meant by it? and insisted upon satisfaction. They went out under the piazza, swords were drawn and brandished at a cautionary distance.—Dorimont was, however, apprehensive, as the chairmen did not immediately interfere, upon Poltroni^{us}'s making something of a half-lounge, and called out, "Where are the chairmen?—" "Who calls chair," was the immediate reply.—"An't you hired?" continued Dorimont.—"No, your Honour," rejoined honest Teague.—"Damn Punctili^{us} (bawled Dorimont) I thought he had hired you." "Sir," cried Punctili^{us}, "through the arches, you have got into the wrong piazza:" By this time Dorimont's real chairmen had

had taken the alarm, and this affair ended *greatly* to both the combatants *honour*, without the least effusion of blood.

About this very period another rencounter had like to have happened, and proved as fatal in its effects as the preceding. *Didlius*, a consummate fop, whose beauty had never been noticed by any but himself, and which, indeed, he was at some pains in discovering, if we may infer from his frequent application to the looking-glass; had more than once broke a Gentleman's shins with his sword, in this inspection, at the fire-place; and, being so very intent upon his dear face, though at other times a mighty polite man, he always omitted apologizing for the offence; which so irritated the Gentleman, who was rather of a captious

turn, that, without saying a word, he rose up, went to the bar, and taking the message-book, which may be stiled the Bedford Coffee-house Journal, he wrote the following laconic and polite billet.

“ This is to acquaint Mr. Didlius,
“ that he is a puppy and a rascal.”

(Signed) ——— ———

After which he left the book open, and seated himself at the window next the bar, expecting Didlius to peruse his note; but he had business of more importance to attend, he had a girl in keeping, who persuaded him she was fond of him, to meet in the upper-boxes, so that he only stepped in to adjust his solitaire, and was gone in a trice. Though this curious card escaped Didlius's perusal, it presently attracted a circle round the bar, who first reading
the

the inscription, and then looking at the author, were conjecturing what must be the event, and *sudden death* was pronounced *nem. con.*

It was not till next day that Didlius was apprised of the insult, when he took an opportunity, in the absence of every one but the waiter, to answer this epistle in as laconic a manner as it was written, though the stile was very different.—*He erased it with a copious penful of ink.*

Having mentioned the Bedford Coffee-House Journal, it may not be improper to convey a better idea of it than the transcript of this note can; wherefore I shall make no apology for the following extracts.

D 6

Nov.

Nov. 29.

“ Captain Counterfarp to wait upon
“ the Reverend Mr. Text, is gone to
“ the play, and shall spend the even-
“ ing at Douglas’s, where he should
“ be glad of his company.”

“ Mr. Text is very sorry he can’t
“ wait upon Captain Counterfarp; but
“ having a prior engagement at Gould’s,
“ must take another opportunity of
“ having the pleasure of the Captain’s
“ company.”

Dec. 4.

“ Lord Terrible’s compliments to
“ Jack Firebrace, intends to be very
“ jolly to night, and get damned drunk
“ at Weatherby’s, with Bet. Saunders
“ and Nancy Davison.—Hopes to have
“ his company.”

“ Jack

“ Jack Firebrace is engaged till
“ twelve ; but will certainly spend the
“ evening according to Lord Terrible’s
“ desire, and bring with him Tom
“ Tearall, and Ned. Crackpole, who
“ have heads like rocks, and been hell-
“ fired drunk these ten days.”

Dec. 6.

“ Dr. Gonnorrhœa’s compliments to
“ Sir Timothy Whiffle, is very sorry he
“ was not in the way when he called
“ upon him.—He may take the pills
“ and use the injection as before, if he
“ finds no alteration. Will be at home
“ to-morrow till twelve.”

Dec. 8.

“ Mr. Type has waited for Mr. Page
“ these two hours, can stay no longer,
“ has left the proof at the bar, desires
“ he

“ he will read it, and send it as soon
“ as possible ; there is not much to al-
“ ter, as *I* have corrected the *literals*.”

January 4.

“ Mr. Hyper’s compliments to Mr.
“ Rant, and should take it as a par-
“ ticular favour, if he would leave him
“ an order at the bar for two, for
“ Othello to-morrow.—*N. B.* We
“ are in the interest of the young Ac-
“ tor, and shall post ourselves properly
“ in the pit.”

Jan. 9.

“ Mr. Hafty gone into the Green-
“ room.—Returns after the second act.
“ Writes letters till nine, will be at the
“ club till ten.—Any body calls, de-
“ fired to wait.—If Mr. Search comes,
“ must absolutely see him to night.—

“ Was

“ Was to wait upon Mrs. Punctual,
“ according to appointment — not at
“ home ; — is desired to leave a line
“ at the bar, about the affair in ques-
“ tion.—Half an hour past fix.”

Jan. 12.

“ The Gentleman in green to en-
“ quire for his friend, in black : sorry
“ he can't meet till after change-time
“ to-morrow. N. B. Mrs. Manly's
“ white puppy was taken very ill this
“ afternoon.”

Jan. 14.

“ If any body asks for Mr. Nosse,
“ he lodges at Mr. Puff's, a bellows-
“ maker, in Broad St. Giles's.”

By this time the reader must be
pretty well acquainted with the man-
ner of conducting this Journal, and
the

the variety of business of importance it contains ; so that we shall dwell no longer upon it, but introduce him to the company of *Belairius*, who may, perhaps, amuse him for a quarter of an hour with an adventure or two of his.

Belairius was a composition of the beau, the pedant, the man of gallantry ; these he thought constituted the accomplished Gentleman, a character so much talked of, and so seldom seen. *Belairius* had travelled, and imported with him the fopperies of France and the fooleries of Italy.—He had made up half a dozen suits at Paris, and purchased a dozen folios of bad music at Venice. He was now returned from his travels, without retaining the least rusticity of the place of his nativity.—He despised every thing English, but
English

English women ; these he was compelled to acknowledge the superiority of, and these he had made his study to deceive ; he had employed all his address this way, and kept a list of upwards of fifty, whom he piqued himself upon having ruined. “ I planted
 “ my artillery (says Belairius) last week
 “ against the bow-window that fronts
 “ my apartments ; the most beautiful
 “ woman in England resides there :—
 “ she is scarce eighteen ; — her lips
 “ have ne’er been touched by man.—
 “ Jogled her,—I kissed her by proxy
 “ on my hand, and wasted her my
 “ desires :—ocular love is the most
 “ persuasive ; — and the force of my
 “ visual passion had the desired effect.
 “ I received a billet from her on Saturday, couched in these terms.
 “ Dearest of men, no longer let your
 “ eyes

“ eyes be the only proofs of your love;
 “ let me hear from your dear tongue,
 “ that you wish me thine; let me
 “ meet you this evening at eight
 “ in the Bird-Cage-Walk; and then
 “ tell me, whether I am to be the hap-
 “ py, or the miserable, *Leonora.*”

“ Such were her words; the true
 “ language of love, without art, with-
 “ out guile. I went, as you may be-
 “ lieve, according to the appointment,
 “ waited with impatience for the com-
 “ ing hour; but, alas! before that ap-
 “ proached, a black cloud broke, pre-
 “ vented her accomplishing her inten-
 “ tion, and wetted me to the skin.

“ The next morning I rose early,
 “ studied every attitude of love over
 “ and over. I attacked, gained ground,
 “ retired, rallied, all in the glass, and
 “ succeeded

“ succeeded to the utmost of my wishes.

“ I planted my battery at the window

“ as usual; but cruel fortune so ordered

“ it, that I did not see her the whole

“ day; towards the evening, I had,

“ however, the consolation of receiv-

“ ing a billet from her dear hands, tell-

“ ing me, *She was under the utmost*

“ *anxiety for the disappointment, which*

“ *nothing but the weather could have*

“ *occasioned; but that she should be the*

“ *next day at tea, with a relation of*

“ *her's in the Minories; and, if I would*

“ *pass that way, she would take an op-*

“ *portunity of following me.*

“ The hint was sufficient.—Whilst

“ tedious time turned his lazy glass, I

“ reckoned days for moments, till the

“ happy period came: I took a coach,

“ posted to Tower-hill, and patrolled

“ the Minories for three hours succes-

“ sively,

“ fively, without fpying the dear ob-
 “ ject of my wifhes and my journey.
 “ I came home quite fatigued, imput-
 “ ing the fole caufe of my misfortunes
 “ to the indolence of my coachman,
 “ and the lameness of his horfes, which
 “ I dare fay retarded me beyond the
 “ time the dear creature could ftay.

“ I faw her the next morning at the
 “ ufual place, beautiful as ever, when
 “ ſhe, doubtlefs, would have fignified
 “ to me her chagrin at the disappoint-
 “ ment, if the neighbours, as I ſup-
 “ poſe, at their windows, had not pre-
 “ vented her making this public de-
 “ claration. But what were my joys to
 “ receive that ſame afternoon, a third
 “ billet from her, fignifying ſhe ſhould
 “ be the next day at Windſor upon
 “ the terrafs, at three o’clock. I flew
 “ thither upon the wings of love ; and
 “ waiting

" waiting with the most eager expect-
 " tation, had a letter put into my hands
 " by a postilion, signifying, *that some*
 " *intelligence of our regard for each*
 " *other had reached her father's ears,*
 " and, before I received those lines, *she*
 " *should be set out for Yorkshire; but*
 " *that neither time nor distance could*
 " *erase, or even diminish the impression*
 " *I had made on her; and that I, and*
 " *I alone, would be the only man that*
 " *she should ever esteem.*"

Belairius had resolved to set out the
 next morning in pursuit of her to
 Yorkshire, when a message from the
 Bedford-head, desiring his company,
 occasioned his precipitate retreat, and
Volponius enjoyed a thorough laugh
 at his expence, in producing copies of
 every one of the letters *Belairius* had
 mentioned; acquainting us, that the
 young

young Lady was quite ignorant of the whole intrigue, which he was the sole projector of, from a thorough knowledge of his vanity. That the Lady, in question, was no farther off than Hampstead; but that he doubted not the sincerity of Belairius's resolution to go down post to Yorkshire, in pursuit of her, which would complete his scheme, and give the highest pleasure to two Ladies, who were in the plot with him, and who served him as *amanuensis*'s to copy his letters in a female hand; which they entered into out of pure revenge, for having been pestered with his ridiculous passion.

Having dispatched Belairius, it is time to assemble the board of criticism, and hear a little how dramatic affairs go on.

Miss

Miss Macklin now drew the attention of the theatrical world ; she had appeared in Mr. Foote's new piece of the Englishman in Paris to the highest perfection ; she had here an opportunity of displaying her talents, or rather bringing them into one point of view. She danced, played upon the guitar, and thereby gave it the present vogue—spoke and sung French. The world readily acknowledged her great merit, and saw in her the successor of Mrs. Woffington, with additional qualifications. We have since had this verified, and may venture to pronounce without flattery, there is none now equal to her in her walk.

The bawdy-box condemned the Chances for indecency, and were glad to find that Mr. Garrick had resolved not to play the London Cuckolds any more

more on Lord Mayor's-day. Errato averred that no man should appear upon the stage without his breeches, unless he made a very handsome and striking apology to the Ladies. Mr. Town was of opinion that the Chaplet would be translated into Italian; because Miss Norris did justice to "What medicine can soften the bosom's keen smart?"—Alas! Mr. Town is no more, and criticism is for some time at a stand.

There are revolutions in all states and kingdoms, however well their governments may be established: in minor societies, every day makes some devastation amongst their members, and a series of years destroyed even the *everlasting club*. No wonder, then, that the republic of the Bedford should undergo

undergo some mutation ; and this from two causes.

Mr. Macklin, retired from the stage, had ere this time endeavoured to set on foot one of the most extensive plans for a public place ever devised : a coffee-room, an academy of Belles Letters, an oratory, an &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. To this end he constructed a large building under the Piazza, which comprised one of the most elegant coffee-rooms in London, a large theatre for oratory, besides several other apartments, suited to the extensiveness of his scheme, which was never yet fully disclosed. The novelty of the plan attracted the curiosity of numbers ; and this curiosity he still farther excited by a very uncommon controversy, which now subsisted either in imagination or reality, between him

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and Mr. Foote, who abused one another very openly, 'Squire Sammy having for this purpose engaged the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. Besides this personal attack, various subjects were debated here in the manner of the Robinhood society, which filled the orator's pocket, and proved his rhetoric of some value.

This was one cause of the interruption given to the reign of wit at the Bedford. The death and emigration of many of the members was another. Mopsy and the Town had by this time passed the river Styx, Philocleus St. George's Channel, Errato retired from pharmacy and punning, and Ranger had put a stop to the caravan which imported the city-wits from the 'Change of a Sunday evening. But when the great plan of Mr. Macklin proved abortive; when,

when, as he said in a former prologue,
upon nearly a similar occasion,

From scheming, fretting, famine, and despair,
We saw to grace restor'd an exil'd play'r;

when the town was fated with the
seemingly-concerted quarrel between
the two theatrical geniuses, M——n
locked up his doors, all animosity was
laid aside, and they came and shook
hands at the Bedford; the group
resumed their appearance; and, with a
new master, a new set of customers
was seen.

Besides those actors, whom we have
taken some notice of in the course of
these sheets, within this period the
following made their appearance first
on the stage. Mr. Ross, Mr. Holland,
Mr. Smith, Mr. Palmer, Mrs. Gra-
ham, now Mrs. Yates, Miss Poitier,

now Mrs. Vernon, and others of inferior note.

Mr. Ross's figure, voice, and action, certainly place him at least amongst the second-rate actors ; and if he does not equal Garrick or Barry in Lear and Romeo, he has no competitor in England in the part of the Earl of Essex, Lord Townley, Jaffier, and many other parts. It would nevertheless be the highest pitch of partiality to attribute perfection to Mr. Ross as an actor ; and we may, without being thought ill-natured, remind him, that negligence and inattention, particularly with respect to his part, are amongst his greatest faults.

Mr. Holland is one of those uncommon geniuses that, at first, start judicious and engaging actors. This arises from nothing so much as entering
into

into the true spirit of the poet, who cannot otherwise be properly communicated. How can we express what we do not feel? To say that Mr. Holland eminently succeeds in most of the parts Mr. Garrick shines in, is doing him common justice. This his most inveterate critics allow; but they tell you, he is too great an imitator of his master: An indifferent original, cry they, has more merit than the finest copy.

Mr. Smith has, by his genteel behaviour on all occasions, so compleatly acquired the good opinion of the town, that it were needless to enumerate his merits as an actor, or his commendatory conduct as a man. It must, with the strictest impartiality, be acknowledged, that he fills the part of the *Gentleman* with the greatest ease of

any one upon the stage ; though his powers are not so extensive as some of his competitors, nor his voice so melodious.

Mr. Palmer is much improved since his first coming upon the stage : he is a very pleasing actor, enters into the true spirit of comedy, which he conveys to no small advantage, by an agreeable figure, and an expressive countenance.

Mrs. Yates treads closely on the heels of Miss Macklin and Mrs. Cibber, in uniting the vivacity of the one, and the soothing accent of the other. She is very articulate in her pronunciation, and commits fewer faults in point of language than most of the ladies upon the stage. In a word, she is a very good actress, and a very pretty woman.

Mrs. Vernon is one of the most useful

ful performers upon the stage. She unites the dancer, the singer, and the actress: the two first, conjointly, she is without equal in ; and if she would be less fashionable, and talk more English than French in common life, she would easily get the better of that foreign accent, which is the only impediment to her being a very good comedian.

We have since seen Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Fleetwood make their appearance on Drury-Lane stage. It is with a particular satisfaction we have occasion to mention Mr. O'Brien, who was the only one that could properly supply the place of Mr. Woodward during his absence, whose loss would otherwise have been irreparable. His comic powers are far beyond any thing we have observed before in so young an actor, in that particular walk

of the fop and ridiculous fine gentleman; and we doubt not, from the great improvement he has already received, that we shall see him perform with equal success in parts of another cast.

Mr. Fleetwood's genteel figure, and judicious action, give him great advantages; and he may be said to perform Romeo, Castalio, and Hamlet, with much propriety and elegance. Since he has appeared upon the Irish theatre, he has attempted comedy; but as we have not seen him in any character of that nature, we cannot pretend to give our opinion of his merit in this new walk.

It would be injustice to pass over Miss Pritchard, now Mrs. Palmer, in silence. To a happy figure, and a melodious voice, she has added a very graceful

graceful gesticulation; and as the manager is cautious of not giving her any parts, but such as she can properly acquit herself of, we must own we have always seen her with great satisfaction.

Whilst the merits of these performers were settling by the new board of criticism, an uncommon contest arose between two geniuses, whose literary capacity the world had acknowledged:—perhaps too favourable a reception of their works, excited between them a jealousy of the most inveterate kind, which broke out in their writings. Whether *Francario* had any hand in the Monitor, we will not pretend to determine; but a passage in one of these papers; mentioning *Ranger* as a *profligate player*, excited him to call *Francario* to an account, by insisting

upon his declaring whether he was the author of that paper ? This Francario evaded ; which Ranger considered as a tacit acknowledgment of the fact, and thereupon resolved to have satisfaction. Heated by passion, and blinded by revenge, that sweetened-bitter of an injured mind, the opponents meeting under the Piazza, Ranger used a roughness of behaviour quite unsuitable to his antagonist's function, which ended for the present in nothing more than a flying scuffle. Francario, however, threatened the law, which for some private reasons he did not take ; but embraced every opportunity in his writings to abuse Ranger ; who finding these were the only weapons allowed him, availed himself of the same sort of hostilities, which he now committed with as little ceremony as the other had

had

had done before, and this literary war continued for some time, at the price of decency, and to the shame of letters.

About this time we find some authors corrected for giving their opinions too frankly upon players; but as this appears a very great insult upon the liberty and freedom of every auditor, and is in some measure an attack upon the rights of the subject, we can give it no countenance in these memoirs; and hope that Mr. Churchill, and such doughty critics, will preserve their charter, if there should be occasion, even with *oaken logic*.

In the midst of these combustions, we saw *Gentilius*, the self-imagined greatest poet of the age, enter, with a brow that denoted rage, despair, and revenge.—“ Mrs. Hobster, a glass of

“ brandy : — Here’s confusion to all
 “ managers ! — *That little insignificant*
 “ *wretch, who has neither merit him-*
 “ *self, nor discernment to discover it*
 “ *in others. — To keep my tragedy six*
 “ *weeks, and then tell me it was not*
 “ *suited to the stage. —* He might as
 “ well have picked my pocket : had
 “ I received his answer in time, I
 “ could have brought it on at the new
 “ house ; ay, I might certainly have
 “ brought it on there, if I had intro-
 “ duced a song or two. — I shall see
 “ half a dozen of my best scenes in
 “ his next vamped piece ; or, that he
 “ has stolen my plot, and got some
 “ of his garretteers to eke out five
 “ acts upon my plan, for a few pieces.
 “ — O ! this world, Miss Barber, this
 “ treacherous world ! — there’s nothing
 “ but brandy can support. — Fill it up :
 “ — *Here’s*

“ —*Here’s perdition to the little man ;*
 “ *and that his next play may be damned*
 “ *the first night.*—I’ll appeal to you,
 “ Mr. Hyper, if I’ve not been used
 “ extremely ill.—I waited on the ma-
 “ nager in the summer with my piece
 “ at Hampton, where he received me
 “ with that fawning civility, for which
 “ he is so remarkable : He told me,
 “ *that a good tragedy was a thing much*
 “ *wanted ; that he was sorry he had*
 “ *not talents that way himself ; and*
 “ *doubted not but my piece would be well*
 “ *received ; but that he was then so ex-*
 “ *tremely pestered with painters, sculp-*
 “ *tors, and gardeners, in decorating his*
 “ *villa, that he should not be able to give*
 “ *it that attention it deserved ; and*
 “ *therefore hoped he should have the*
 “ *pleasure of seeing me in town early in*
 “ *the winter-season.* Accordingly I
 “ waited

“ waited upon him towards the end
 “ of September, when he said, *he*
 “ *would give it a careful perusal, and*
 “ *I should have his opinion as soon as*
 “ *possible.*—What’s the consequence?
 “ —Why! he has kept my piece ever
 “ since, and now sends it me back
 “ with this fulsome compliment.

S I R,

I Have read your tragedy with great
 pleasure and satisfaction, and think
 it has infinite merit ; but imagining it
 requires many alterations before it can
 be suited for the stage, and having
 three new pieces to bring out this sea-
 son, I am compelled to return it you.

I am,

S I R,

Your much obliged,
 humble servant,

— — —

Hyper excused himself from answering, without knowing the merits of the piece.

Gentilius, convinced of his reason, drew out the production, saying, “ Sir, I’ll tell you, the scene lays partly in Egypt, and partly in North America. I have not fixed upon any historical events, as that cramps a man’s genius, and ties him down to facts; so that all the *dramatis personæ* are imaginary characters, except one, which is the *Little Carpenter*, as I found I could not leave him out with any kind of propriety. Now, Sir, with regard to the plot, it is simply this — *Diodorus*, King of Egypt, falls in love with *Amorella* (you see I have chosen happy names) whose father, a neighbouring prince, had promised her in marriage to his general *Truncheonarius*. Dio-
dorus

dorus presses Amorella, as you may imagine, to wed and make him happy. She, out of dread of her father's resentment, refuses; though she is equally enamoured with Diodorus, as he is with her. This produces some very pretty *love scenes* between them, far beyond any thing in *Romeo and Juliet*; but more of that by and by. Amorella, at length, to escape the tyrannical injunction laid upon her by her father, to give immediately her hand to Truncheonarius, flies to North America. Diodorus, in despair, takes shipping and wanders round the world in quest of her; and by the greatest accident in life is cast on shore upon the banks of the river Mississippi, where he lands, just as the King of the Catabaws is going to scalp Amorella, upon her refusing to be his concubine. He meets
the

the Little Carpenter, who acquaints him with the event, and they resolve to go and rescue Amorella ; in doing which Cacacowvouzou, King of the Catabaws, and Diodorus, both fall : but Amorella escapes with the Little Carpenter. By this time Truncheonarius has in a rage poisoned himself in Egypt—and Amorella dies of the yaws in South Carolina.

“ You see how happily this catastrophe is brought about. Here is nothing forced—the incidents are naturally wrought out of the fable, and the sentiments suited to the characters. Now, as a specimen of the language, I will give you a passage, which I put into the mouth of Amorella, upon her escape from Cacacowvouzou.

“ ——— Just

“ ——— Just as the fierce prince,
“ Barbarous and unpolish’d, forcing me to
his bed,
“ Upheld the scalping knife, so fatal to the
“ eastern world,
“ My Diodorus came.—Alas! he came but
“ to die.
“ He fell—but with him fell my ravisher—
“ my scalping ravisher—
“ Cacacowvouzou no more I dread ; — and
“ you, my Little Carpenter,
“ You are my deliverer.———

“ You see, Sir, this is not bombast ;
this is natural, easy, and familiar—just
as a woman in such a situation would
speak.”

Unluckily Hyper asked him, *whether he called this verse or prose, or blank verse?* which so piqued Gentilius, that he put his tragedy in his pocket, walked out, and in his hurry forgot to drop his sixpence at the bar.

Furioso

Furioso has many good qualities; he is friendly, sincere, courteous, and in every sense the good companion : his family-regard he is particularly remarkable for, and his domestic life does him honour. He has nevertheless his failings ; and amongst these his cholerick disposition is not the smallest. This unhappy temper leads him every day into broils, which a man of a cooler turn would never be engaged in.

Furioso was at the play in the upper boxes, when chancing to lean upon a Lady, who had some pique against him, she complained in such a manner as to occasion *Comicus*, who was with her, to interfere in her behalf. *Furioso*, who had intended no insult, was nettled at the manner in which *Comicus* addressed him ; high words ensued,

ensued, and they soon produced blows, which for the present ended in a bloody nose or two. This affair was, however, resumed at the Bedford, and a challenge with pistols was given and accepted; but, by the intervention of the seconds, this affair was thought to be entirely compromised, when it broke out afresh, and Furioso insisted upon Comicus's fighting him with pistols. This the latter now declined; and striking Furioso with his cane, he drew his sword. Furioso refused fighting him with his sword, as Comicus had been brought up a fencing master, which he thought gave him too great a superiority at that weapon.

Here the affair rested, some condemning, others approving Furioso's conduct. Whilst the ill-natured and cen-

cenforious world were thus trying him by the laws of honour, the doubtful judges were convinced that Furioso would fight, by an affair he had with Diego, when he was wounded in the breast, and his recovery remained for some time doubtful.

The merits of this affair were scarce discussed, before we were entertained here with a very uncommon farce, which lasted for several successive nights. Americus, who came over here to solicit a commission, after serving in the provincial troops in North America, the place of his nativity, having lost a sum of money at play some time before, in company with Geralio, Kelius, Decius, and Jena-lius, which he either imagined he had lost unfairly, or did not chuse to pay, thought proper to make his resolution public,

public, in an advertisement to the following effect, which he fixed up in the coffee-room.

“ Whereas I lost a sum of money some time since to Mr. Gerialio, in company with one Kelius, and one Decius; and having great reason to believe I was defrauded of the same, I hereby publicly declare, that I have not paid, nor ever will pay the same.

A M E R I C U S.”

After having posted this up in a conspicuous part of the room, he walked up and down with his sword under his arm, as if he had come to a firm resolution of defending what he asserted at the price of his life; but he soon withdrew, having previously procured himself two stout chairmen to escort him, for fear, as he expressed it,

it, of being assaulted in going home. He was scarce departed before Kelius entered, who casting his eye upon the paper, tore it down, in declaring the falsity of the assertion, that the author was a sc——l, and that he knew him to be a c——d. Whether this behaviour of Kelius reached Americus's ears, or whether he was only apprehensive of his resentment, is not certain; but the next day he swore the peace against him and Geralio; and when every one was impatient for the American hero to appear, a warrant was served upon Kelius and Geralio, who were obliged to repair to a neighbouring justice to give an account of themselves, and find sureties for their good behaviour.

This cautionary step being taken, Americus thought himself pretty secure; and the ensuing evening the triumvirate

triumvirate appeared upon the theatre of action, when a very learned debate arose between Americus and Kelius, concerning "the force and nature of spitting in a man's face."

Americus urged very strongly, "that it could not be said a man had spit in another's face, without the gob absolutely fixed upon some part of it between his forehead and his chin; that if it fell upon his breast, the affront and the spittle might easily be wiped off together; and that, if it light upon the leg or the shoe, it was no affront at all, as such accidents happened every day to men of the greatest courage, without the least notice being taken of them." Kelius set forth, "That the intent, and not the precise circumstances of the act, determined the affront: That a man would be 'looked upon

upon as having equally underwent a kicking, whether it was immediately upon his breech or his thigh ; and, that a man would all his life-time be considered to have enjoyed a blanketting, though he might only have received the gentle recreation of being toft in a carpet."

Americus still opposed this reasoning ; and would, in all likelihood, have vanquished Kelius with his logic, had not the latter had recourse to the *argumentum ad hominum*, whereby he plainly demonstrated that a man might be equally affronted in a public coffee-room with being spit at, as if all the spittle had lighted upon his face.

This point having been so copiously discussed, and it being Saturday night, the house was adjourned till Monday evening, seven o'clock ; when a com-

mittee was appointed to examine into the merits of the several evidences upon the face of this affair, and report the same.

A letter was read and stuck up, setting forth that Jenalius (who was hitherto represented as the principal testimony in this affair) had never given Americus any information concerning a combination being formed against him at play, or had ever, directly or indirectly, mentioned Decius upon this occasion; whereupon Americus wrote another advertisement, which was also stuck up, declaring he believed Decius to be a gentleman, and that he asked his pardon for having suspected him.

Geralio being called in, *moved the house* to take down the said advertisement, as his name was therein mentioned

tioned highly to his dishonour ; which being done accordingly, it was agreed to *nem. con.* that this was a mighty ambiguous affair ; and that it did not by any testimony appear, that Americus had been defrauded of his money, as he had cleared Decius from all imputation ; Jenalius was his particular friend, and Geralio did not play.

Affairs were thus situated, when Geralio came to a resolution of beating Americus wherever he met him, and the opportunity offering that very evening in the coffee-room, Geralio struck and collared him ; when Americus drew his sword, and slightly wounded his antagonist, who soon broke it, and then Americus flew for refuge, and another weapon, into the kitchen ; when, if the secret history of the *Catacombs* may be relied on, he

barracadoed the door, armed himself with a spit, and heated the poker, declaring he would kill the first man that broke in upon him. The cook, who was unacquainted with what had happened in the upper regions, judged from his dress and behaviour, that he was out of his senses, and that in his phrenzy he was going to destroy her. She fell upon her knees, and *begged he would spare her life, and though her virtue had never been called in question, (sooner than contend with such a furious assailant) she readily consented to submit to whatever he pleased.* — But Americus, inattentive to every thing but heating the poker, and defending himself from his antagonist, still more terrified her by his silence; and nothing but the cry of murder procured her relief from her imaginary danger.

Ho !

Ho! ho! *Dick Brainless*, *Harry Allface*, *Billy Noodle*, and *Jacky Vainlove*, in the next box, recounting their amours. Let's attend.

Har. Egad, Jack, you're the happiest man alive. — I saw you last night put her into a chair.

Jack. Hold your tongue, Harry, — women of fashion should not be talked of in this public manner; — it might cost me an eye-light hole through the small guts, if Sir Thomas was to overhear us.

Dick. What, still constant to that old piece! — I've no less than six women of quality upon my hands now, and am looking out for a new house of rendezvous for a seventh.

Billy. Why, that's doing business, Dick. — I've but two that I meet by turns at the old china-shop in the
F 3 Strand;

Strand ; but they're *des Dames comme il faut* — and you may say what you will ; but one good intrigue well conducted, is worth a dozen foolish appointments with milliners 'prentices and mantua-makers journey-women.

Har. You're quite in the right of it, they're no credit to a man ; and there is as much trouble in dangle after them, and waiting for their leisure hours, as there is attending the levee of a great man that's promised you a place upon the first vacancy half a dozen years.—*a propos*, Harry.—How have you reconciled that affair between Mrs. L— and her husband ? — Could you palm seven months upon him for nine ?

Har. Why, that was a master-piece : and I pique myself more upon that affair, than I do upon having debauched

Miss

Miss M—, Miss G—, and Miss R— :
 Sir, the old gentleman rode very resty
 a great while, and was actually med-
 itating a divorce, when I bribed a
 man-midwife, who threw himself in-
 to his company, and compleatly per-
 suaded him over a bottle, that a wo-
 man might have as perfect a concep-
 tion in seven months as in nine. — He
 went home, made it up with his wife,
 and has never said a word to her about
 it since.

Dick. That indeed was a stroke
 upon the Don ; — but, I think, mine
 surpassed it with Mrs. J——, who, in
 the absence of her husband, became
 pregnant, brought forth, recovered,
 and all before he returned from Ame-
 rica, without her nearest relations sus-
 pecting it.

Billy. Egad it's dangerous work though having to do with married women ;—they may talk of cut loaves and slices not being missed, as much as they will ; but I never liked adultery, since I paid so dear for my affair with Mrs. ——, who was the most cautious woman in the world, and went so far as even to shift herself after we have been together, to prevent a detection.

Harry. Ay, —— but that was owing to the b—h her maid, whose suspicion arose from that very circumstance.

Jack. I think the houses in England are the worst contrived of any in the world for intrigue. — The fore rooms are compleatly exposed to your opposite neighbours ; so that you can't even take a modest kiss by the fire-

fire-side without being seen ; blinds in the one pair of stairs corroborate a suspicion ; and as to the bed-chambers, they are so dexterously constructed, that a bed cannot be any where placed, without fronting a door, the key-hole of which commands a full prospect. More discoveries have been owing to this than to any thing else ; and I wonder the builders in the polite end of the town do not give some attention to it ; — but they're plodding men, and never consider their wives and daughters are to be lain with, whilst they're getting a fortune out of bricks and mortar.

Dick. The first man that introduced knockers, was as certainly a cuckold, as he who brought in the flash pockets was a pick-pocket ; and

I don't doubt but what every builder considers himself as a party concerned, in making the bed-chambers so instrumental in preventing amours.

Billy. I never shall forget Miss S—'s mamma peeping through the key-hole whilst I was upon the bed with her; she broke in at the very critical minute. — Miss was crying out, *O! ye Gods!* — when mamma rushing upon us, exclaimed, *Oh ye Devils! have I caught you in the fact?* I, endeavouring to recover myself, enraged the old lady more than all, by spoiling her black silk apron, which she never used to starch. — Miss run one way, I run another, and left mamma to contemplate upon, and vent her rage at all the misfortunes that had happened.

Dick.

Dick. And how could you make up this affair ?

Billy. Why, I never was able to set my foot again in the house.—Miss was sent off to a nunnery at Dunkirk that very day, and I've never heard of her since.

Dick. Poor girl :—if her mother had staid but a minute longer, she might have turned nun with the consolation of running no risk of leading apes in hell ; — but as it was, I think the black silk apron has more sin to answer for than her.

Billy. Bless me ! it's past nine ; and I've an engagement upon my hands precisely a quarter after. — Oh ! here comes the postillion.

Jack. What ! a woman of fashion waiting for you in a post chaise ?

Bill. Mum — (*in a low voice*) only a jaunt for the evening, now my Lord's out of town.—*Bon soir.*

Har. Now will I wager a guinea to a shilling, that he has hired a post chaise to wait for him at the corner, without a soul in it, for the appearance of an intrigue with Lady S——, when he is as much a stranger to her beyond a bow and a curtesy, as I am to the reigning Sultana.

Jack. Bill Noodle will hire chairmen to leave letters for him in a female hand at half the coffee-houses in town, to make the men envy him for his success; the letters he writes himself, and gets his washerwoman to direct them, as she has solemnly declared to me.

Har. Some men carry on amours with themselves, to save their money ;
but

but he is at greater expence by intriguing with himself, than many of the first rate rakes are in enjoying half the fine women in town.

Dick. Bill will tell us to-morrow what a luscious morsel her Ladyship is, and that he believes she is troubled with the *furor uterinus*, or is immensely fond of him, as he could scarce satisfy her, though — (*modesty prevents the numerical relation.*)

Here we shall close this dialogue, with observing, that the young men of the age tax themselves with more vices than their constitutions are able to support, and ruin more reputations with their tongues, than the chamber key-holes, however, fatally situated for intrigue, discover the loss of; so that we may conclude with *Rowe*,

Were

Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom you trust,
 Did you but know how seldom Fools are just ;
 So many of your Sex would not, in vain,
 Of broken vows and faithless men complain.

Mr. *Either*side comes running into the coffee-room this very moment with a rusty laced coat, and never a shirt, —out of breath, he posts himself within eye-shot of the door, and calls in great agitation for a glass of water.— All eyes are upon him ; — every one enquires who is that person, is he out of his senses ? — escaped from bedlam, or a private mad-house ? *Bob Know-all*, who is acquainted with every man's business, knows every *faux pas* that has been made, and every blunder that has been committed these twenty years, by every individual above the degree of an attorney's hackney clerk, takes upon him to instruct the circle.

“ Why, gentlemen, that is Mr. *Either*—
 “ side,

“ side, the present great political
“ writer. He originally figured in
“ the capacity of an under-clerk to a
“ linen-draper; but having made
“ some pecuniary mistake in settling
“ his accounts, his master discharged
“ him without bringing him to con-
“ dign punishment; but for want of
“ a character, he was obliged to live
“ upon his small capital; which being
“ nearly exhausted, he set up a Re-
“ gister-office at St. James’s end of the
“ town, where, having taken in as
“ many servant maids and footmen out
“ of place as applied to him, for their
“ shillings, he thought it was time to
“ shut up his bulk and decamp. His
“ finances thus recruited, he sought
“ employment amongst the Printers,
“ and was retained by a publisher of
“ one of the daily papers, as a collector
“ of

“ of intelligence, in which capacity he
 “ succeeded to admiration ; as besides
 “ his stipend, in quality of collector,
 “ he received a *douceur* extraordinary
 “ for the province of deaths, mar-
 “ riages and casualties, which, with
 “ an occasional *half-crown* letter to
 “ the printer to fill up space, when
 “ Extraordinary Gazettees were not
 “ rise, procured him a very com-
 “ fortible subsistence. This we may
 “ look upon as his first rise in the lite-
 “ rary world, and for which his ge-
 “ nius was finely calculated ; the
 “ Allies might lay inactive a whole
 “ campaign in Westphalia ; the
 “ French not lose a province or an
 “ island in America, and yet there
 “ never was a dearth of news.—He
 “ could at any time commit a horrid
 “ murder ; catch a monster, or raise

“ a

“ a Cock-lane ghost ; consummate a
 “ marriage between Sir Thomas
 “ Plumb and Miss Takeall, a beau-
 “ tiful young lady with a fortune of
 “ ten thousand pounds, or every qua-
 “ lification to render the marriage state
 “ happy : — throw a labourer off a
 “ scaffold, break his legs, and carry
 “ him upon his back to St. George’s
 “ hospital. Such talents as these were
 “ not to be despised ; his printer knew
 “ their value, and cherished them.
 “ But where is contentment or secu-
 “ rity to be found ? His active genius
 “ was his downfall. His own inven-
 “ tion did not always supply the place
 “ of real intelligence : he had his
 “ rendezvous, and his listening cor-
 “ ners. One coffee-house in parti-
 “ cular, the frequenters of which were
 “ very communicative, was extremely
 “ fruitful

“ fruitful to him : he used to take his
 “ post in a convenient seat, pore
 “ over an *old Daily*, and snuff the
 “ candle to hear better, till he sucked
 “ in as much news as would fill a
 “ column. The gentlemen were
 “ greatly surprised to frequently find
 “ their conversation nearly word for
 “ word as it had passed, the next
 “ day in the ——. Either side’s
 “ great taciturnity and attention to
 “ what he read, gave them a suspi-
 “ cion ; and it was resolved, from time
 “ to time, to invent intelligence, and
 “ argue upon it as if it were real. The
 “ bait took. — The French had
 “ passed the Wefer, and attacked the
 “ Allies the next day, though they
 “ had never made the least motion but
 “ in — coffee-house. Frequent re-
 “ petitions of this false news hurt the
 “ reputation

“ reputation of the paper, and his
 “ publisher turned him off as an im-
 “ postor. — What can a genius in
 “ distress do ? — He commenced au-
 “ thor at large, and wrote some pieces
 “ with indifferent success ; but at
 “ length studying more to please him-
 “ self and the public, than his book-
 “ feller, he was under the necessity of
 “ printing his works upon his own ac-
 “ count ; the consequence of which
 “ was, that he found himself at
 “ the end of the year fifty pounds
 “ in debt to his printer, and as
 “ much to his stationer ; but for-
 “ tunately for him, the Act of grace
 “ took place, and he was white-
 “ washed with two chimney-sweepers,
 “ three barbers, and his own devil.
 “ He might now look upon himself
 “ as clear of the world, as indeed he
 “ was

“ was of both creditors and credit for
 “ some time : and the present poli-
 “ tical contest gave him the most
 “ promising hopes of figuring in a
 “ higher sphere than ever. He abused
 “ the minister, and answered him-
 “ self ; he has proved, that continental
 “ connections are the millstone round
 “ the neck of England, and miller-
 “ like he got a dinner by the grist ;
 “ a keen appetite proved it the
 “ next day a pair of corks, with-
 “ out which Great Britain could never
 “ wade through the war with honour
 “ and glory. He got the laced coat
 “ he has now on by the loss of New-
 “ foundland ; and would have raised
 “ the siege of the Havannah with
 “ the greatest advantage to himself
 “ and the Spaniards, if the unfor-
 “ tunate news of its surrender had not
 “ come

“ come the very morning he was
 “ putting his piece to press. He has
 “ paid off the national debt no less
 “ than six different times, with glory
 “ to the nation, at his own expence,—
 “ though he has always discharged
 “ his private creditors with a sponge.
 “ — Never was there a more public-
 “ spirited man ! He was giving peace
 “ to Europe this very morning, and
 “ was upon the point of signing the
 “ preliminaries, when a bailiff broke
 “ in upon him whilst he was writing
 “ in bed without a shirt, the only
 “ one he is now possessed of
 “ being then washing : he remon-
 “ strated to the catchpole the im-
 “ practicability of attending him in
 “ his then situation ; but all remon-
 “ strances were vain—the implacable
 “ *Bum* absolutely refused taking the
 “ surety

“ surety of a noble Lord, who was then
 “ penning “ Considerations upon the
 “ Preliminaries now signing,” which
 “ Mr. Either-side offered to put in his
 “ hands as security for a debt of eight
 “ pounds: and being forced out with
 “ nothing but his coat, he has made
 “ his escape from the officer in the
 “ condition you see.”

Mr. *Syllogism*, who lives upon argument, took his degrees at the Robin-Hood, and has become a member of the Society for promoting arts, manufactures, and oratory, came in to-night full charged with the whole minutes, and debated the question over again to a circle round the fire.

“ Gentlemen (said he) a motion
 “ was made and seconded, that the
 “ list of premiums for the current year
 “ might be read; and the same being

“ read

“ read accordingly, it was imagined,
“ that, though no particular provision
“ was made for the subjects then
“ under consideration, according to
“ the spirit of the text, they might
“ be understood under the general
“ heads of machines, and had been
“ referred to the committee of me-
“ chanics, who were there ready
“ to make their report accordingly.
“ The petition was then read, setting
“ forth, that the petitioner had for
“ many years made it her sole em-
“ ployment to study the construction
“ of a machine, according to the nicest
“ art, for the preservation of the lives
“ of his Majesty’s liege subjects, and
“ that she had arrived at such perfec-
“ tion in the prosecution of her design,
“ that she met with the greatest en-
“ couragement from the nobility, gen-
“ try,

“ try, and particularly the mercantile
 “ part of the kingdom; and that as
 “ this society took under their confide-
 “ ration many useful discoveries and
 “ improvements, the petitioner hoped
 “ she might receive the sanction
 “ of the same, leaving it to the deter-
 “ mination of the worthy members,
 “ through their great wisdom, what
 “ premium they would grant her for
 “ the same.” Another petition was
 also read from *Moses Solomon Da-*
costa, setting forth, “ besides the
 “ many advantages that accrued to
 “ this nation from the use and appli-
 “ cation of his machines, (which
 “ were particularly calculated for the
 “ more refined part of the creation
 “ and more in esteem than any yet
 “ produced by his rivals and com-
 “ petitors, who had pirated the ori-
 “ ginal

“ ginal invention of his father, that
“ first planned and constructed this
“ useful design) if the circulation of
“ these machines were perfectly en-
“ couraged, so as to supply both the
“ inland and foreign markets, they
“ might be looked upon as a staple
“ commodity, and the government
“ might, by keeping this manufac-
“ ture entirely in their own hands,
“ be enabled in a short time to pay
“ off the national debt, with glory to
“ the nation, and honour to all.

“ Signed,

Moses Solomon D'Acosta,
born anno 1686.”

“ Mr. *Scruple*, from the com-
“ mittee of mechanics, reported that
“ these machines having been under
“ their consideration for nine weeks,

G

“ they

“ they examined the merits of each
 “ of these machines respectively, and
 “ came to a resolution, that the pe-
 “ titioner’s, M. Philips’s, were of
 “ the most durable nature, made of
 “ the most lasting texture, and were
 “ well calculated for our foreign trade,
 “ and wear and tear ; and that the
 “ petitioner’s, D’Acosta’s, were more
 “ immediately suited for home
 “ consumption, and the supplying of
 “ this great metropolis.”

Mr. *Devious* rose up, and spoke to
 the following effect. “ Mr. Pre-
 “ fident, having constantly attended
 “ the committee during the examina-
 “ tion, I think I am fully enabled to
 “ acquaint the Society with the me-
 “ rits of each of the productions re-
 “ spectively. According to the mi-
 “ nutes I have now before me, it ap-
 “ pears

“ pears, that Mrs. Phillips’s machine
 “ was first blown up the 18th day of
 “ January; that it remained in this
 “ inflated condition till the first day
 “ of February following, when the
 “ wind was extracted by an air-pump,
 “ and, by the strictest calculation,
 “ there had evaporated but two grains
 “ three scruples of dense air. The
 “ petitioner D’Acosta’s machine hav-
 “ ing underwent the same process, it
 “ was found to have lost seven grains,
 “ one scruple and a half. Whence
 “ we were led to examine the nature
 “ and texture of these machines re-
 “ spectively, and we found them as
 “ follows. N°. 6. 7. 8. 9. were made
 “ of perfect sound and good country-
 “ bred hogs-bladders; those marked
 “ 10. 11. 12. as far as 20. were un-
 “ fizeable, and judged to be made

“ from meazly distillers breeding.
 “ Those marked No. 3. 4. 5. were
 “ found to be sheeps bladders, and cal-
 “ culated for no great markets. As
 “ the society have at present all these
 “ different enumerated machines be-
 “ fore them, they will be enabled,
 “ from what I have urged, to judge
 “ of their respective merits.”

Mr. *Crusoe* now rose up, and, after
 expatiating for some time upon the
 great utility and advantage derived from
 this noble invention, which had in a
 great measure stopt the progress of the
 venereal disorder; he continued, “ Mr.
 President, I am firmly of opinion, that
 both the petitioners should be hand-
 somely rewarded for the great im-
 provements they have made in the fa-
 brication of this machine, which, ac-
 cording to the samples here produced,

are

are of all sizes ; tho' I am of opinion, that all those which exceed No. 9. are superfluous. And this naturally brings to my remembrance what passed in a certain honourable assembly, of which I had then the honour of being a member. The debate was concerning the nature and construction of bricks, and the limitation of their dimensions. I remember there was a very full house, and many ladies were in the gallery. [Here Mr. Crusoe was somewhat interrupted, by being called *to order* ; but he nevertheless continued.]—This digression, Mr. President, you will find, is no way unapplicable. I say, Sir, there were a great many ladies in the gallery ; and a Welch member, who rose up to speak, after considering the nature and quality of bricks in general, now came to the properest

size ; and was firmly of opinion, that a brick of nine inches was best calculated for service. I should have told you tho', that this gentleman always pronouncing a *b* a *p*, this opinion of his, thus conveyed, had a very extraordinary tendency, and the ladies were obliged to hide their faces with their fans.—I beg, Gentlemen, you would not laugh. It is an indecorum which should not be allowed in this honourable society.—You see, Mr. President, this story fully illustrates what I was saying. (*Looking at his notes*) So, Mr. President, I am still firmly of opinion, that all those above N^o. 9. are superfluous. Now, Mr. President, I shall consider what influence the encouragement given to this glorious invention will have upon trade and commerce in general. And first, with regard to the
distillery,

distillery, it certainly will have a wonderful effect upon that branch of our trade. As the distillers will find a better market for hogs bladders, so they will be encouraged to fatten a greater number of swine : pork will fall in its price ; so that I imagine we shall have it even for 2 d. or 2 d. farthing a pound. Spirituous liquors will also fall in their price, and the distillers will be encouraged to make them wholesomer. All this you see, Mr. President, will be the natural consequence of giving the intended encouragement to the vent and use of these machines. (*Pray, Gentlemen, don't laugh*) I am now, Mr. President, going to prove, that by the general use and esteem we shall set these machines in, we shall be enabled to drive the French out of Germany, and the Spaniards out of Portugal."

Here an universal cry of to order, to order, prevented Mr. Crusoe finishing his curious and sagacious speech.

Mr. Treatise now rose up, and made the following discourse: " Mr. Vice-Consul, From what I have been enabled to collect of this debate, I am emboldened to suggest, that we have not given the argument it's fullest and most ample latitude: I say, Mr. Vice-Consul, it appears to me that many other considerations should be taken in; first, the advantage we shall derive by supplying all the foreign markets with this manufacture, and if a bounty be allowed as upon corn, render it a staple commodity. We already supply the Dutch, who are carriers to the French and Spaniards; we have a ballance from Portugal in our favour, and I doubt not we may supplant

supplant the French in this branch of trade up the Mediterranean, supply the Italian states and the Levant, if we continue making the manufacture agreeable to the samples, the default of which has been the sole reason of our woollen manufacture falling off in those parts. We may extend this branch of our trade to the Baltic, and throw the ballance of trade from Russia in our favour. Now it appears that the French and Dutch take from us nearly 600,000 gros per annum, which at only five shillings the gros amount to, let me see,—five times six are thirty, the fours in thirty, seven times and two over—ay, seventy-two thousand pounds sterling—Our colonies certainly will take off as many more—and the great demand from Italy and Turkey will certainly be double that; so

that we cannot estimate this branch of our trade, properly encouraged, at less than two millions sterling per annum. Moreover, Mr. Vice-Consul, the advantages we shall gain herefrom are not confined to trade alone; our navigation will derive an inestimable benefit from their general use and application; particularly from No. 9. to 20. as every seaman, knowing their utility, will furnish himself with them, and many thousand lives, of the most useful of our fellow subjects, will thereby be saved, as half a dozen machines, properly blown up, under each arm, are a certain security in the greatest storm, or even wreck, and will soon be preferred to cork jackets, or any other invention. Thus, I think, Mr. Vice-Consul, it has been proved, that the encouragement of this great invention

tion will highly increase the trade, promote the navigation, and augment the riches of this nation, as well as preserve the lives of his Majesty's liege subjects upon every element. I shall now point out, Mr. Vice-Consul, what bounty should be given on the exportation, and what deductions there should be upon second-hand machines for French markets."

Mr. Episode interrupted Mr. Treatise here, desiring to make an observation, that none of the petitioner, Solomon Dacosta's machines could be sent with any safety to Romish countries, particularly where the inquisition had any influence, as they were constructed entirely upon Levitic principles, and could not be used with safety by any uncircumcised person.

Mr. *Ample* now rose up, and made

a speech to the following effect:
 “ Mr. President, Sorry I am to be obliged to rise up on this occasion, to speak upon so disagreeable a subject; but as I find many of the gentlemen of this honourable society, have been blinded by the seeming advantages which will accrue to the nation in a commercial light from the encouragement the proprietors of these machines expect from the society; I think it necessary to open their eyes in this regard, and, first, to point out, that, by encouraging the circulation and use of these machines, vice is immediately cherished and protected, by preventing such disorders as are incidental from cohabiting with a variety of women: that the propagation of the species is hereby also, in a great measure, prevented; and that the sanction this will
 give

give to fornication, will hurt the cause of matrimony, which has already received too sensible a shock to admit of any fresh impediments. I say, Mr. President, from these considerations, it must appear to every impartial person, who has the welfare of society at heart, that any pecuniary or commercial advantages which may be derived from a more universal esteem and circulation of these machines, will be inadequate to the evils which will be derived from their general use; and I therefore take the liberty of putting a negative upon the proposal, for giving a premium to the petitioners."

The society now divided, and a ballot ensued; when the question was carried in the affirmative, 34 against 16.

The Chevalier *Des--x*, whose merit no other title can equal, has entertained

tained us for some time with his poetical genius, which is without rival, and will remain without copy. “ Gentlemen, de poetes be de greatest caracteres, de most respectable personages in de varld; me have de great soul, do me have only de little body; and do my head be but small, me have de vast conceptions.—Vat be your Voltaires, your Janfen, your Mason, to me? Day be (vanité à part) like de little insect compare to de elephant.—Homere and me be de only two poetes that did ever exist; and as I look upon him as my broder, do he lived so many hundred years ago, and dat he has transfuse his esprit into me, so I lend him my bard to decorate his bust, which I have in my garret. *Les bons amis doivent vivre en bonne intelligence, et partager leurs biens en commun.* It is me dat

dat have revive de golden age, make flourish de true poetique genius of Athéne, and give lustre to de seventeen centurie. Do de varld be so partial as to give de preferance to Shakespear and Boileau before me, de posterité will do me dat justice my coteremporaires denie me. I shall (vanité à part) have a mausolée erected to my memory, and my pieces vill be read vid admiration, ven deirs vill not be mention.— Have you heard my new Ode à L'Imbécilité?—it be a chef d'œuvre—I vill give you little idée,

Quand Louis abaissé La Pompadour,
 Il l'a bien donné la velour;
 Mais quand le Roy de P— avoit envie,
 Il n'a pas pu trouver son—

O que c'est fort—voila du nerf—du sentiment—du sel, et encore du vinaigre!"

Genius.

Genius. Pray, Chevalier, is this Ode satyrical or panegyrical?

Chevalier. Ignorant!

Quoique Voltaire n'ait point d'ame
(Ce n'est pas que je lui damne)
S'il reffuscite dans l'autre monde,
Que le Roy d'enfer lui fera gronde—

Ah! que ce gronde—ce seul mot de gronde, si bien appliqué, vaut bien une bibliothèque entière.”

You understand me, gentlemens, dat be one of de finest passages in my poeme, it be impossible to translate it; it be so sublime (vanité à part) it merit to be written in de lettres of gold.

Gen. Why, chevalier, though you say you do not damn Voltaire, yet you send him to hell headlong; and tho' you pretend he has no foul, you make the devil scold him in the infernal regions; but why, or wherefore, we are entirely left in the dark.

Chev.

Chev. Ignorant! You pretend to be de critique, and you no understand vat me mean—dat be de licence poetique—as vell as de vards *ressuscite* and *fera gronde*, which should be by de rights *ressuscitoit* and *grondoit*.

Gen. This is, I suppose, to preserve the metre ; yet we find seven syllables in the three first lines, and nine in the last—What sort of verse this is, I cannot pretend to say.

Chev. Pauvre Genie! You mesure de esprit of a poete by de nombre of his syllables. It is de sentiment, de conception, dat you should mind—Had I put one vard more, or one syllable less, I should have spoil one of de finest stanze dat ever be written.

The Chevalier was going on to explain this curious passage, and give some more reasons, equally excellent,

for the poetical licences he had taken, when *Infano* entered, with his hair in papers, after having appeared two hours before full drest for the play, and an hour after that in boots and a riding dress. The Chevalier turned to him, saying, “ I see, Sar, you be de gentleman of de penetration ; you understand perfectly dat fine stanze I just now read, (*vanité à part*) ; it surpassed every ting dat vas ever said by all de poetes in de varld, except *Homere* ; and indeed, to do justice to myself, I do not remember to have ever read any ting equal to it in eider his *Odeffy* or his *Illiad*.”

The Chevalier would certainly have convinced *Infano* of all this, had he been apprised of what he meant ; but not coming in till after the passage in question had been rehearsed, he imagined

gined the Chevalier was laughing at him ; and having no great turn for loquacity, he resented it, by taking a dish of chocolate, the waiter had just brought him, which he flung at the Chevalier—The Chevalier bobbed and lost it—But the Count, who stood behind him, and never missed a good thing in his life, having his mouth open, it came plump into it—The Count rubbed his hands, and said, “ It was very good chocolate ; but there was no news stirring.—no mail in to-day.”

I should not finish these Memoirs so abruptly ; but having no more credit at the chandler-shop for paper, I find myself under an absolute necessity to put an end to them here, having scarce room to cram in the last word, so essential to complete the work,

F I N I S.

M

Thus

Thus was I compelled to terminate the first edition, which has met with so favourable a reception from the public, that I have not only been enabled to pay off my score at the chandler-shop, and discharged my arrears of rent with my landlady (who, I can assure you, became not a little troublesome, especially as the peace approached, and she was informed by an *eminent lawyer*, who was deeply concerned for many of the white-washers, that there would an act of grace immediately ensue) but also to lay in a very ample stock of paper, pens, and ink ; so that I look upon myself now as an author at large: and I know not how much I may pester the town, or divert the public, before I have wrote out my three reams, as I find the *cacoëthes scribendi* strongly upon me.

. My

My book was scarce dry from the press, before many new characters appeared upon this theatre of action.

Roderigo, just come of age, and from Bath, imagining three thousand a year conferred upon him every qualification that a man of that fortune should be endowed with, and that no man possessed of less could be his equal in point of merit or sense, that had not an equal revenue, had qualified himself a wit and critic—pronounced judgment upon every new production, railed at new actors, and condemned new pieces. *Roderigo* had furnished his house in Berkley-Square in the newest taste had ordered a curious side-board of filigree plate, was in hourly expectation of his new chariot from Paris, because the *Martin varnish* could not be equalled here, and he

was then to teach the world taste, and politeness: in the mean while he amused himself with reforming the immoderate height of the frock-sleeve, the preposterous length of skirts and waistcoats, the inelegant size and cock of the hat, the loop turning down part of the brim, contrary to all rule; the half boot-shoes were his aversion, and leather breeches down to the instep he detested. These were the most important objects of his consideration; having resolved, that as soon as he had made a thorough reformation in them, he would attack the seat of Reason, and prove every *Friseur* in town a blockhead.

Such were the talents, such the pursuits of Roderigo, who thought no woman in the world worthy of matrimony, on account of her person and qualifications

qualifications—nor the enjoyment of any female equal to the trouble of the chace—A profound anti-dangler, he would never be seen with a lady in a public place, or speak of the sex with common good nature. “ Look there (he would say at Ranelagh)—is not that *Florella*?—The same—you may know her by her musk at this distance—and in the morning she scents the whole house with her breath and her infragrant arm-pits. — *Vermilia* too! that woman’s face stands her in fifty pounds a year rack-rent, and you may buy a handsomer mask at any shop in town for a shilling—her perfumer cheats her, sells her brick-dust for carmine, and she has burnt more handkerchiefs to prevent the detection of her painting, which all the world is convinced of, than would pay the ex-

pence of her funeral, which her corpse when washed loudly calls for the ceremony of —— What, thou antiquated toast *Derella*—it's thy ear-rings and not thyself that *Curio* is in love with—he is now praising the brightness of your eyes, and he means the lustre of your diamonds—Now he talks of charms, understand him those of your equipage—and last of all he builds upon affection—when he thinks of your dower.—Poor *Laura*!—incontinent *Laura*! every fall is a fall for thee indeed—what still talk of reputation, and even sometimes slip out the word *virtue*—Though your brats call you mama, and your present prominence, indicates your past trepasses; take advice, *Laura*, if you must sin, for sin you will, have more caution or less prudery

prudery—it is true your virtue's not at stake, but your common sense is."

From this one might be led to imagine Roderigo was a professed woman-hater—nay, worse. No such thing—Roderigo bears the ladies no ill will, and he has been known to treat some of them kindly in private—but dangling is his aversion—and who can avoid the opportunity of saying so many good things, when there is such a fund for satyr.

Roderigo's wit, thus exercised, had excited the spleen of the whole sex against him; he is accused of the most infamous practices, it is insinuated he is guilty of the most unnatural crimes—his tradesmen publicly aver his honesty and probity, and his little family in *spirits* are supœna'd to evince his predominant passion. The we-

men thus foiled, have recourse to other expedients—he has bastards sworn to him on every hand—he pays the parish, that is, he treats the officers, who drink his health, and success to the old trade of basket-making—three church-wardens die of surfeits in a twelvemonth, and fornication may for once be said, to send as many out of the world as it brings in. But female rage does not stop here—he has a rape sworn to him, by a woman he never saw, and *Chartres* like, might have been condemned for a crime he was not guilty of, though culpable with impunity of many similar, if he had not luckily proved by *alibi*, his presence, at the time sworn to, in another place.

Thus persecuted by the sex, he declares open war against them all, goes
down

down to Bath in full resolution of lampooning every petticoat in the Pump-room, narrowly escapes a whipping, at the hands of four noted Buckesses, who had laid an infallible plan of trapping him into their company, if they had not been betrayed by one of their waiting maids, who revealed the secret to him for a bribe ; and Q——n advises him “ to let the cats alone, for the more he nettles those vitious pusses, the more they will scratch.” With this bit of salutary advice he leaves Bath, and arrives in town to display his talents upon political, theatrical, literary, and other polite themes ; so that we are in the highest expectation of seeing Roderigo make no small figure in the future annals of the Bedford.

M 5

N. B.

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M 5

N. B.

N. B. He has fought but one duel yet, this 16th day of January, Anno Domini 1763, which was in a saw-pit, in the farthermost part of Devonshire, when he was run through his little finger on his left-hand, but without wounding his antagonist, which is all the information we could gain thereof from the said Roderigo ; as witness our hand (the day and year above mentioned)

John Slaughter, register to the
Court of Honour.

Item. It having been represented to this honourable court, that *Dorimont* had fairly killed his man, he was admitted a temporary member—but upon farther examination, this appearing to be his servant, his name was cancelled from the list.

Item.

Item. Didlius is instructed to have his sword new ground, and pointed immediately, otherwise he will be struck off the list.

Item. Poltronius's plea cannot be admitted, of never having used any thing but hard soap and wash-ball, as pomatum was found in his pocket the day after the twitch.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Some very good tuck-blades of a proper length, to parry any moderate affront, to be disposed off cheap, by a gentleman lately arrived from Paris, member of the fighting club in the *Rue St. Honoré*. For farther particulars, inquire of Mons^r. Foudroyant, at the Bloody-Arm in Piccadilly.

Wanted, some of the best scowering paper, to wipe off stains, spots, and

M 6

other

other disagreeable marks, that have light upon some of the best cloaths (particularly behind) of many of the members of the Court of Honour.

N. B. Any person possessed of a greater quantity of genuine courage than they may have occasion for, also the second sort called *bullying*, with a proper assortment of impudence, may hear of immediate purchasers, by inquiring at the bar.

To be lett, and entered on immediately,

A scarlet suit of cloaths, properly ornamented, with paste-board breast-plate, and all the necessary appurtenances to fight, bully, or be kicked in. For farther particulars inquire as above.

Wanted immediately,

A large quantity of black crape to tie up arms, &c. supposed to be hurt and wounded in duels.

To

To be disposed off, little the worse for
wear,

Two second-hand characters, fit for
gentlemen of any profession, who never
killed their man, and have not been
kicked above once.

Wanted soon after the holidays,
An usher, who is complete master of
punctilio, and can decide all honourable
controversies, according to the nicest
rules, prevent duels, and the effusion
of christian blood under the piazzas.

Note, It is not necessary he should
understand vulgar fractions.

To all men of honour, courage and
resolution, fully determined to re-
sent affronts, and vindicate their
characters.

Lives are insured at the bar, upon
good policy, at a moderate præmium.

The

The reader will, doubtless, from hence conclude, the hint given in the first edition of this volume, for erecting a Court of Honour here, has been taken, and that these advertisements are very well calculated for a new periodical paper, under the title of the "Fighting Journal, or Covent-Garden Intelligencer." These points will be cleared up before it's long ; but the curious world must for the present satisfy themselves with ruminating upon the utility and advantages that will be derived from these institutions.

"There lies honour," says Falstaff. —*Imprunto*, says the same, "what is it to me what the world says of me, whilst I have a good dinner and a clean shirt ? There can be no sin in eating (to moderation), and cleanliness is a virtue." This is the way *Imprunto* reasons;

reasons ; yet he does not want parts, has a lively imagination, and talents, if properly applied, that would have done credit to an honourable station : But launching into the world with a small patrimony, a greater knowledge of of books than men, an itch for play and fashionable diversions, Imprunto was soon a beggar, and though he never was upon the parish, he has been a tax upon most housekeepers in Westminster. When Imprunto wants a meal, he does not follow the example of the late Lord P—r—e, who would strip a yard of lace off the flap of his coat one day, and its companion the next, take home a shoulder of mutton in his hand, with this in part undecorated dress, send it to the oven, and give a chimney-sweeper (which his neighbourhood abounded with)

with) half a dozen hot potatoes for portorage : No, Imprunto pursued a very different method—the first man he met of genteel appearance, known or unknown, he made a dead set at, shook him by the hand, told him a piece of news (of his own invention) which he had just learnt from a Lord of the T——y, and, with a dextrous apostrophe, feeling in his pocket, ended with—“ Good G—d ! have you any loose silver—I’ve absolutely forgot my purse—it’s near half past three, I can’t possibly go home, for my Lord ——’s dinner will be ready before I can return ?” In all likelihood, if this was the first attack, he succeeded, and he entered by this time into a half-crown dissertation upon the shamefulness of giving vails in a nobleman’s family,

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family, and literally paying for one's dinner.

Imprunto has borrowed ten thousand pounds in half crowns, and it was expected he would set up his chariot upon the coming out of the quarter guineas. He has not only the best face in the world to ask, but also the happiest manner of apologizing for the non-payment, in case of being taxed with a debt of this sort, which seldom happens without it becomes aggregate. A gentleman on whom he had made these small draughts to the amount of ten shillings, observing Imprunto go into a banker's shop in the Strand, had the curiosity to watch him, and seeing him pay in a pretty large sum, he thought that was the properest and most likely time of recovering his debt: he went in, and reminded him of his

his

his loan: Imprunto, who had the most treacherous memory in the world upon occasion, could not possibly call to mind having ever seen his creditor before in his life; but the gentleman reciting numerous particulars, which he could not with all his *face* have the effrontery to deny; having obtained by this time the banker's receipt for a hundred pounds, he just began to recollect something of the affair, but was very sorry he had not seen him a quarter of an hour sooner, as he had just paid in all his cash, and left himself without a *denier*; in so saying, he made the gentleman a very low obeisance, and left him in the shop to confer with his cashier.

It may appear surprising, that a man of this cast should ever be possessed of a hundred pounds, or that upon it's
being

being known, he was not torn to death by courts of conscience—To reconcile the first point, it should be observed, that whenever Imprunto had gathered together a little money, he went to the gaming table, and frequently proved successful; and to obviate the second objection, let it be considered, what gentleman would chuse to have his name mentioned in such a place for a few shillings?

Imprunto was at Bath, and meeting with Lord C—— *solus*, “Egad, my Lord, said he, I’m quite broke down—I lost every farthing last night at the hazard table, and if you don’t lend me a guinea I am ruined.” Whoever is acquainted with that nobleman, must know, his extensive generosity would let no man, who could address him so freely, be in distress for such a sum; so
that

that Imprunto was sure of the money, if the opportunity did but offer. His Lordship, sometime after going up to amuse himself at billiards, finds Imprunto, as the phrase is, knocking the balls about. His Lordship wanted to play a game; but knowing the state of Imprunto's finances, declined a match with him, though it was the equallest his Lordship could make. Imprunto pressed him to play—his Lordship unwilling to expose him, declined, without assigning any reason for not consenting, till at length being importuned so much, he was compelled to say he did not chuse to play without staking the money.—“With all my heart, my Lord, replied Imprunto, I'll play with you for that guinea”, putting the guinea his Lordship had lent him into the billiard pocket. His Lord-

ship

ship now found himself under a necessity of playing, or discovering all that had passed. In a word, his Lordship lost to him threescore guineas in pursuit of the single one he had lent, besides upwards of a hundred to persons round the table. Imprunto had however the address in this affair to appear my Lord's friend, though in fact the motive was nothing but self-interest: having won several games successively, and finding my Lord persisted in betting with the group that usually attended those places, (which Imprunto considered as so much money out of his own pocket) he flung down his mafs, in saying he would play no more, if his Lordship persevered in betting, when he was so much out of play: to which his Lordship replied, "As these gentlemen (meaning the group) do me the honour

honour to accompany me to all public places, the least I can do is to support my attendants."

The parts, abilities, and amazing qualifications of Doctor *Optic*, have rendered him so conspicuous to the eyes of all those he has and has not cured, that I should have thought it unnecessary to have subpoena'd his appearance here, had he not had so great a share in a curious dialogue that lately passed here, between himself, Roderigo, Imprunto, and another Genius of the first water, whom we shall presently bring forth; and considering the importance of, and attention that has been paid to so respectable a character as Doctor *Optic*, by all the powers in Europe, it must have appeared in me the highest point of negligence to have let this great opportunity

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nity slip of obtaining his own opinion, and that of all crowned heads, upon his *demie-naturelle*, and the present state of public affairs.

Politics, at the Bedford, are as uncommon as dramatic affairs at Jonathan's; but if such phænomena as System, will make an eccentric appearance out of their orb, a bustle will ensue, and auditors will attend.

No man is better acquainted with the present state of North America than System; he knew the course of the Mississippi from its source (which, by the bye, has never yet been discovered) to its influx into the gulph of Mexico, better than he does the navigation of the river Thames from Windsor to Gravesend. He is acquainted with all the Indian nations, above or below

low, and round about the great lakes, whether they be Chickasaws, Twigtwees, or Chactaws; the trade and advantages we derive from every one of our colonies, what manufactures they take from their mother-country, by what charters and grants they have been settled, and whether we should have kept the islands, and given up the continent, at a peace. All this, and a great deal more, he knows—all this, and a great deal more, he talks of—No wonder then the terms of pacification, so popular a subject, should be canvassed in his presence, even at the Bedford—No wonder the following dialogue should find a place in these memoirs.

Sys. I tell you, Sir, the proprietary lands, and the Apalachian mountains, are now quite out of the question.

Rod.

Rod. Not but I think the piece has merit—but why so personal?

Syf. Merit in the peace! there is no merit in the peace,—'tis a patch-work performance, made up of the shreds of the treaties of Utrecht and Aix-la-Chapelle—replete with all their tatters, equivocations, and inconveniences, without any of their advantages.—Pray what have we in return for Guadeloupe, Martinico, Desirade, Marigalante, Cuba, Goree, and all the possessions we restore to the French upon the coast of Coromandel? Ay, what?

Rod. Sir, you mistake me—I mean the new play—

Syf. Sir, I tell you it matters not how much we are in possession of Canada, and all North America, as long as the French have got footing there; they will never be at quiet, but mak-

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ing

ing inroads into our back settlements, and exciting the natives to do the same—or else why so careful to procure that bit of land between the Mobile and the mouth of the Mississippi?

Opt. I should like to have the opinion of crowned heads upon this subject:—the private sentiments of the king of Prussia—a great statesman, as well as warrior—he assured me the last time I dined with him, which was the day before he took me for a spy, and ordered me to quit Berlin in twenty-four hours, that the system of Europe would be entirely changed in a few years.

Sys. Sir, the system of Europe has nothing to do with America—it is North America we must attend to and nothing else,—it is by that we must stand or fall—if we had made ourselves

selves masters of Louisiana, which we might have done as easily as—as—taken Crown-Point—we had nothing to fear from the French.

Imp. If my Lord A——n had lived, this peace would never have taken place ; I have heard his lordship say many a time, that he would never approve of a peace—as long as the French had an inch of land in North America.

Opt. Lord A—— was certainly a very great seaman, ay and a very successful navigator—but I don't think he understood much of politics. I should rather have had the opinion of the Czarina, or the young Archduke Joseph—ay, the opinion of the King of the Romans, must have been very decisive.

Imp. I tell you, Sir, Lord A—— was better acquainted with America than all the Archdukes in the world

put together.—Did not he sail round it by Cape Horn as far as he could go in the South Seas?—Did you never read his voyage?

Opt. If I had been named Plenipotentiary upon the occasion, as indeed I had some reason to expect—I should have chosen to have consulted a few of the *Landgraves* and *Margraves*, as we have demonstrably conquered *America* in *Germany*.

Rod. I can never think this play will have a run, notwithstanding 'tis wrote by a Scotchman.—What think you of the fable?—the language, I think, is rather bombast—Orders, I am told, are very plentiful—a deputy manager was here to-night with his pocket full.

Imp. I will wager ten pounds to a crown, that the French come to an
open

open rupture with us before this day ten years.

Sys. Sir, they will be able to rebuild their fleet in less time, and they can always man them, as soon as we return them twenty-five thousand sailors now prisoners here.

Opt. I don't imagine the house of *Baden-Dourlach* will send a minister to the congress; if they do, it will certainly fall upon the Baron de *Pollitzoutrcatz*, who is the very model of your humble servant, and has been taken for me at most of the courts of Germany—he dances a minuet far beyond any thing Goupir could ever do—but he is no statesman—no head at all—but he plays delightfully at chess—he gave me a pawn—and offered the Duke of Neufchatel a Bishop—a very great chess player indeed!—he

understands the art of pleasing to a charm, he learnt it of me.—No man should ever pretend to enter into a negotiation of any consequence without having studied it.—I should gain every article necessary to be insisted upon in the treaty, by dint of the art of persuasion.—The soul's in the eye, and the eye's in the soul. That's enough, there's no withstanding it. Now, when I was at Leyden, two ladies of the first fashion sent for me at the same time; it was impossible for me to oblige them, and so —

The Doctor was here interrupted in the relation of his amour, by the arrival of two Genius's, three Bucks, one Blood, and half a critic, from Drury-lane Play-house, who brought information that there had been a riot, and

and the two Gentlemen of Verona prevented making their appearance, by reason of a cabal, who insisted upon admittance for half price, dispersing papers, and insisting upon Mr. Obrien's reading one, signifying that the time Booth, Wilkes, and all the great actors of the last (I mean this) century performed, the public found admittance to see two acts of a play for two shillings in the boxes; but now that Garrick, Holland, Obrien, &c. are so indulgent as to oblige the town with their performances, they must pay five shillings, to see two acts of a revived piece, that was never in any esteem.

This affair produced a very warm contest, which lasted for some time (after the ladies were desired to withdraw, that they might not be frightened) seats were torn up, orations made, and

the tranquillity of the theatre was not re-established, till the ensuing evening, when the same *anti-full price* party were present, and Mr. Garrick thought it prudent, upon being called for, to promise full price should never be exacted, except during the run of a New Pantomime ; upon which he received an universal testimony of applause, and the business of the drama took its usual course.

We cannot, in this place, help applauding the spirit and resolution that animated every opponent upon this occasion, who, solely attentive to the just regulation of the theatre, have re-established things upon a just footing. The taste and judgment of the present arbitrators can never be called in question, but will remain a lasting monument of the wisdom and discern-

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ment of the learned world in 1763, by permitting nothing but new pantomimes to be paid for at a full price : the wit, sense, moral, sentiment and instruction of these productions, have long been manifest to every *judicious auditor*, and the exclusive preference they so eminently deserve, and have now so justly received, will prevent all future cavilling at their superiority over every other species of the *drama*, particularly those trifling appendages known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*. *Melpomene* and *Thalia* may now both weep, or find it necessary to unite in producing a *tragi-comedy*, as more resembling pantomime, and more likely to please in this polished age, when the chaste muse alone has not power to gain applause.

There is nothing more astonishing than the force of passion and the lust of inclination in opposition to reason, and even common sense, amongst the enlightened and discerning; prejudice and caprice frequently operate as forcibly upon the sensible and judicious, as folly and ignorance upon the illiterate and stupid: a favourite point pursued with warmth, is still pursued against conviction, through a false pride that blinds us with the shame of giving it up. This was never more evidently proved than in the late *theatrical riots*, which have so eminently engaged the attention of the public. The person who has been emphatically called *Fizgig*, is certainly endowed with many aimiable qualifications; he is genteel, polite, discerning, literate—his
coad-

coadjutor has several accomplishments; and yet we find these two chief pursuing a ridiculous point to such extremity, as, if not to risk their life, at least their property and property, for the sake of regulating the theatres, and being the avowed enemies of imposition. If no personal pique instigated Fizzig to compell Mr. Garrick to make a *categorical eclaircissement* (which imputation he has indeed in some measure wiped off by the same conduct, even in a still higher degree at Covent-Garden.) I should be glad to appeal to his own judgement in his cooler moments, whether he would not rather chuse to see Mr. Garrick, whom he has publicly allowed to be the greatest theatrical genius in Europe, appear in the characters of Lear, Richard,

ard, Ranger, Abel Drugger, &c. &c. than the best Harlequin that ever yet jumped through a window ; and whether the first or the latter is more deserving of full price ?—This argument, as well as its appendages, have already been so copiously discussed, that I shall rest it upon this gentleman's own decision, in order to bring into view some other characters, who have made themselves conspicuous upon this occasion, without surprising the world so much at their conduct, it being far more consistent and agreeable to their general notions and sentiments, than that of Fizgig and his coadjutor, with their universal opinions and declarations.

Amongst the foremost of the leaders of this opposition, we find that consummate critic *Scenicus*. Long accus-
tomed

tomed to attend theatrical exhibitions;
 Scenicus thinks himself better quali-
 fied to judge of *theatrical oeconomy*, than
 either of the managers of either house
 —he can cast parts—substitute an ac-
 tor suddenly taken ill—plan an apo-
 logy to an audience—dress a character
 —or throw in a dance, more oppor-
 tunely, and with greater skill, than any
 other renter of either house. Let it
 be remembered Scenicus has learning
 —his history he selects from Cibber—
 his philosophy from Hamlet—and his
 morality from Gay: if indeed, the most
 striking anecdotes of the first—the
 depth of reason of the second—the
 fatyr of the last, have escaped him—
 he remembers critically the day Wilkes
 departed this life,—which leg Barry
 had his stocking always loose upon in
 the

the Soliloquy—and that no *Filch*, except the present, ever robbed Mrs. Die, going off with her present. Scenicus soars above trifles, he leaves all the lumber of the stage to minor critics—his attention is solely fixed upon the elegance, the brilliancy, the magnificence of decorations.—Would Harlequin Sorcerer ever have appeared in its present splendor, or Orpheus and Eurydice have been revived, had it not been for his indefatigable application and assiduity? This part of the drama he has made his peculiar study, and considering it as a science, he applies himself to the theory when he cannot arrive at the practice. He has a perfect miniature theatre in his own house, wherein he tries the effect of every piece of machinery that is afterwards

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to appear—it was he that invented the dog-scene in Perseus; and the sun in Orpheus, which had long been eclipsed, was first observed to shine in his *or-rery*; so that the recovery of this salutary planet, must be entirely attributed to the *Scenical system*. After this it were needless to alledge any reasons why Scenicus should be so very sanguine in opposing any unnecessary encouragement that might be given to the dross of theatrical performance, where taste, wit, Harlequin, and pomp, were banished.

Who knows not, or rather who did not know *Frontario*? The gay, the volatile, the vivacious, the impudent Frontario! bred in a court, with promises and expectations fed; such nutriment naturally produced a circulation

tion of chyle, whose insanity was visible by the many eruptions of inflated ambition, petulant vanity, ill-timed raillery, and self-adulation. His person, without that aukward affectation that he substituted for ease, would have been thought genteel, and his figure agreeable. Frontario was a professed admirer of the sex, nor were the ladies less studious to court his favour—not so much through love as fear. His inexhaustible small talk always gave him access, and most frequently commanded attention—his dominant turn for severity, gave him a happy knack of painting deformity in a ridiculous light, and as the world is always more addicted to scandal than praise, he had found out the art of tickling the ear with the shafts of satyr; by those who applauded him, he was despised

spised—by those who supported him, he was dreaded. Frontario never hesitated saying a rude thing, at any time, in any place, or to any person, if it carried the least stamp of pleasantry—Who but Frontario could have told lady —, at the Ridotto, most visibly pregnant, after treading her shoe down, upon her turning round somewhat nettled, and saying, “ Lord, Sir,—you tread upon one.” “ No madam,—but I see you have been at it ? ”—Or who but him could have been so cuttingly severe upon poor *Essay* the poet, who losing a guinea to him at a public place, and not having the money to pay, made him the trite apology, “ that having changed his breeches by accident, he had left his purse in the other pair ; ” when Frontario replied, “ By G—d, Sir, that’s a lie—for to my certain

tain knowledge, you have worn those very breeches constantly these two years?" Add to the insult, the misfortune of these very breeches being green with gold garters, extremely shabby, and therefore not a little remarkable; so that every by-stander gave credit, as indeed they had some reason, to Frontario's assertion.

From these anecdotes, it may be questioned, whether I had not Frontario in my eye, when I penned my dedication, as it may be suggested from hence, that he is *the most impudent man alive*? And I, therefore, think it necessary to clear him from the imputation, by assuring the reader, there is *one* man alive more impudent than Frontario.

He was upon the point of marriage with a lady of very considerable fortune,

tune, into whose good graces he found the art of insinuating himself, when some worthy friend of his, envious of his success, found means to acquaint the lady's relations with the match, at the same time painting Frontario in the blackest colours, and representing her upon the brink of ruin without their intervention. This intimation had the desired effect; the lady was informed her lover was addicted to every vice, and guilty of every crime that humanity could be susceptible of. She shuddered at the danger she had escaped, was taken into the country by her relations to divert her thoughts, and make her forget her suitor. he had however so strong an impression on her, that neither his imaginary guilt nor absence could stifle her passion, which preyed upon her the more she was

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convinced her ruin would attend her ever indulging a farther correspondence. She fell a martyr to false honour, and too ready an acquiescence to her friends representations.

This interesting disappointment, and the shocking catastrophe it produced, are thought to have had some effect upon Frontario's intellects, and to have increased that flighty, dissipated turn, he henceforward indulged in a greater extreme than ever. In one of his frantic moods, being out of cash, he tossed up his commission against a sum of money, and lost it. As this was his principal support, it is not wonderful he should have recourse to many stratagems to support himself. There is one told of him that ruined his credit in Covent-Garden, at least amongst the bagnio-keepers. Bringing one night a
lady

lady to Mrs. G—d's, he liked the supper and accommodations so well, that he staid there a couple of weeks, living in as profuse a manner as the indulgence of the house could permit. His hostess, imagining she had a man of fortune in her house, whom she expected to gull for a fine round sum, never hinted at a bill all this while, and would in all likelihood have given him credit for a month longer, if Frantario had not sent down to borrow some gold till he went in the city, which she lent him, but which, however, excited her curiosity and suspicion at the same time concerning her guest: and being informed of his taper capital, she did not hesitate a ~~minute~~ ^{moment} in sending him up his bill, ~~and~~ ^{with} the money borrowed tacked to it, and desiring prompt payment, as she had a large sum to make up

up for her wine-merchant. Frontario found excuses for deferring the payment for three or four days longer, when his landlady thought it was high time to begin to have a conference with her lodger, and she threatened him with an arrest if he did not immediately acquit the bill, now amounting to near forty pounds; to which he replied,—“ Look ye, madam, it is true, I have eat, drank and — slept in your house for almost three weeks, for which you have the conscience to charge me near forty pounds, which you may arrest me for, but which I neither can or will pay— But if you take this step, I shall take another that will be fully as disagreeable to you. I shall lodge an information against you for keeping a public brothel, which you are sensible I can testify upon oath.” Mrs. G—d was

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by this time too well acquainted herself with Frontario's turn and resolution, not to doubt the sincerity of his assertion, and in order to get rid of him, she readily gave him a receipt in full at the bottom of the bill, though she never received a farthing of it.

With such talents, abilities and qualifications, who so proper to support a theatrical riot, as Frontario, who so fit to act in quality of aid-de-camp to Scenicus? The judgment of Scenicus was never so conspicuous as in this choice, which the conduct and success of the enterprise fully evinced.

This theatrical contest fixed the attention of the board of criticism for several successive days; and a committee was named to examine into the many other innovations of the stage, in order that they might be immediately and
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effectually reformed ; and the committee having duly debated the same, made report of the following resolutions, which they had taken.

Resolved,

That no author be allowed above one benefit for any dramatic piece he may write, except it be a pantomime, or a ballad farce.

Resolved,

That no actor shall be allowed by any manager above forty shillings a week ; unless he can perform Harlequin, Pierrot, Scaramouch, or some such capital character in the pantomime.

Resolved,

That, for the future, the disposition of the play-bills be altered as well as the performance, and that the pantomime be henceforward always placed, as well as represented, first ; and the capital

capital performers therein to have their names in the largest letters; that the *petite pieces* (tragedy or comedy) that may be afterwards added (as shall be expressed in the great bills) be considered as an entertainment, and half price be taken for the same.

Resolved,

That no expence be spared in bringing out Harlequin Ranger, the Genii, and all the other pantomimes, written by Mr. W—d, at the New House, and that full price be allowed for the same.

Resolved,

That Mr. W—d have three benefits for each of the said pantomimes, clear of all deductions, besides copy-money.

Resolved,

That *Columbine* be considered henceforward as a capital character, and be

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put, at least, upon a level with Juliet, Jane Shore, Belvidera, Monimia, or any other principal tragic female character.

Resolved,

That unless Mrs. Cibber, Mrs Pritchard, and Miss Macklin, agree to perform the same, their salaries be reduced to forty shillings a week.

Resolved,

That Mr. Garrick shall bring out a new pantomime this winter ; and that he himself perform the part of Harlequin, on pain of being brought upon his knees to ask pardon of the pit, in case he prove refractory.

Resolved,

That Mr. Holland, Mr. Obrien, Mr. Ross, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Moody, are useless people, and an unnecessary incumbrance to the public, and therefore

fore be immediately discharged their present services.

These resolutions being read and agreed to, they were ordered to be printed, and distributed in all the coffee-houses about town, and at both the theatres.

In consequence of the *nota-bene* lately tacked to the advertisement of my book, signifying, that “ If such gentlemen as thought justice had not been done them in the first edition, by sending a proper account of themselves, due notice would be taken of them in the next edition,” my Bookseller has received the following letters ; which looking upon as a debt due to the public, I here subjoin.

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Bedford Coffee-house,

January 10, 1763.

It is highly surprising that so impartial an annalist as you pretend to be of this spot, should have passed me over in utter silence, though I have made more noise, and occasioned more talk, within the period you pretend to give the history of, than any actor, author, genius, duelist, buck or blood, that ever made his appearance here. If I have not said so many good things below-stairs, I have played for more money above-stairs, than all your wits put together—and though I have not been so lucky at double entendre as *Errato* and some other of your first-rate punsters in the coffee-room, I have made some of the finest strokes that ever were seen in the billiard room. It was me, Sir, that first reduced billiards

liards to a science, found out that it was necessary to temper the body as well as the mind to arrive at any proficiency in it ; to this end I fixed my regimen to water gruel, to render my hand steady, and read the life of Socrates every morning to endue me with patience.—On the eve of a great match I took my sweats, and never drank a dram but at eleven-all, and the ball against me, to fortify the nerves and brace the tendons.

Many other rules I laid down and practised, to bring this useful art to perfection, and the world readily allowed me to be the greatest adept at it that ever yet appeared. From what I have said you will readily conclude, that I soon amassed a great fortune—no—alas ! Sir, my fate was like that of all great schemists, I ruined myself for

the benefit of the public—with this difference, from the common run of projectors, I had always my own personal interest in view; but practising so many finesses to monopolize all the gains, I frequently found myself the only loser.

I do not write this, Sir, in expectation of any relief from you, or even those who have long since squandered away my hundreds, but that you may make honourable mention of so respectable a character, as, Sir, your admirer and humble servant,

Andrew Slender.

For my part, I am not a competent judge of the matter to give my opinion of the merits of this great performer; nor do I think any apology necessary to be made for having omitted him in these Memoirs, as I never intended
tak-

ing in the billiard room ; but perhaps it may be a useful hint to Mr. Slender to remind him, as he has made billiards so much his study, it is imagined, if he were to follow the example of the great Hoyle, and write a treatise upon it, he might recruit his finances.

N. B. If he should want the assistance of any books in the prosecution of this elaborate work, it may not be improper to inform him he may be supplied with the best editions of *Dyche's* Spelling-book, and *Greenwood's* Grammer, by applying to the publisher hereof.

To the Author of the Memoirs of the
Bedford Coffee-house.

Sir, Broad-court, Jan. 19.

When a public writer pretends to give an account of the state of the theatres, and a character of the performers, who have made their appearance, during the period of his writing, it is the highest pitch of partiality, to mention some actors of little or no merit, and pass over others of much superior talents. I am amongst the number of the last who have so just a right to complain—if indeed I never appeared in Richard, Romeo, Hamlet, Cato, and such like characters, the manager allows me to have as great *power* in my walk as those who rant out soliloquies by the hour. There is nobody treads the stage with more
care,

care, delivers a message with more grace, or presents a letter with more elegance, than me ; and though my salary is not amongst the first class, nobody appears with wigs better dressed, cleaner linen, or whiter stockings. I could enumerate many other of my excellencies, but shall pass them over till such time as I come out in a top character, which I very soon expect to be put into in the Virgin Unmask'd—I hope, Sir, when you see me acquit myself with elegance of the part of the *Apothecary* in that much-admired farce, you will think me worthy of notice in your Memoirs.

By printing this letter, in the mean while, in your next edition, you will greatly oblige,

Sir,

your very humble servant,

Charles Faggot.

The Author's respects to Mr. Fag-
got, begs him a thousand pardons, for
the omission, and will make him all
the amends in his power, as soon as he
opens his lips, and to that end desires to
know which house he belongs to.

Bedford Coffee-house,

January, 20. 1763.

Sir,

I have frequented the Bedford these
four years ; and though I cannot say I
think I am remarkable for any thing
but spitting about the room, as I long
to see myself in print, I beg you will
insert this, which will greatly oblige
your reader and admirer,

William Quid.

To the Genius.

Pray, Sir, do you think you support
the character you assumed to yourself,
of

of annalist and biographer of the Bedford coffee-house, the receptacle of beaux-esprits, genius's and men of honour, when you make no mention of such persons as me, remarkable for their taste, valour and gallantry? It was me, Sir, that brought up the *ramillie*, and laid down the roll-up stocking—It was me that introduced the yellow scabbard, and abolished the iron periwigs—it was me that had three pitched duels, four rencounters, and three running affairs of honour in one year, and in every one of which I came off with glory and success. It was me that debauched L—y C—r, and introduced K—y F—r upon the town—It was me, Sir, that first brought the Bedford into its present great repute; and it is me, Sir, that writes you

this, to be inrolled amongst the foremost of the meteors of the age.

Being, &c.

Fulminator.

The oversight of so glaring and dazzling a person, must be acknowledged a great deficiency in these Memoirs, and the author is extremely sorry *Fulminator* has not decorated his epistle with some *still more* striking and particular features, that he might with greater certainty and precision be known; for as there are so many who lay claim to having improved and reformed the fashions in all those points he mentions, as there are so many *men of honour* who kill their twenty men a week, and meeting with *twenty more* kill them, and there being every whit as many men of gallantry, who arrogate to them-

themselves having been the first favourites of those celebrated ladies ; that it is very hard to ascertain any particular personage by these general outlines.

To the Author of the Memoirs of the
Bedford, &c.

Sir,

I profess to you it is amazing, that so learned a writer as you appear to be, should be so sparing of your Greek and Latin—scarce a sentence in your whole work !—and not so much as a motto. I would sooner have clapt *Sic transit gloria mundi*, than have been without one. Had you consulted me, these deficiencies should have been properly supplied—and I would have furnished you, as a proper *addenda*, with a derivation of every word in your book. This would have been the certain method of
securing

securing the opinion of the learned world, and have stifled the most inveterate criticism. Another material objection to your Memoirs, is that you have passed over in utter silence so respectable a character as me, who have been one of the principal pillars of the Bedford, and the most remarkable member of the republic of letters. That you may supply these deficiencies, and make atonement for these errors, is, I profess to you, the reason of this address from,

Sir, your humble servant,

T. Lexicon, M. D.

The Genius is highly obliged to Dr. Lexicon for his learned hints ; but as he can find very few characters similar to our modern bucks, bloods and geniuses, in the classical writers ; and few affairs of honour semblant to the modern

modern art of duelling, are to be met with either in Homer, Virgil, Ovid or Horace, so he cannot without forcing the sense of any one passage in either of those writers apply it to the present work : but, lest he may be mistaken in this opinion, he will look again.

Brother Genius,

You certainly must have seen, heard, and subscribed towards me at the Bedford—you certainly must remember my speeches, rants and soliloquies—you must have admired my *Richard*—adored my *Hamlet*—and been fascinated at my *Hastings*—And yet, brother genius, you have not made the least mention of me in your Memoirs—I have been turned out of half a dozen lodgings since you have seen me—have not been able to raise contributions these many months by my spouting at
the

the Bedford, and sunk so low, that I am glad, with my wardrobe under my arm, to give the Moor—"put out the light, and then put out the light," for a pot of porter or a quatern of geneva. In this situation, Sir, like many a modern genius, I am starving upon my brains, which I can assure you are very light food, and quickly digested; therefore intreat you to take notice of me in a good natured way in your next edition, and recommend a subscription in my favour, as I can assure you, if some speedy relief does not come, I shall not be able to subscribe myself more than, Your's,

The Ghost of a Genius.

N. B. If you have any interest with either of the managers, pray recommend me as a very fit person, to perform the apothecary in Romeo—"My poverty, and not my will, consents."

This *ghost of a Genius* has, I am afraid, walked too often at midnight in porter-houses and night-cellars, ever to resume the appearance of humanity and figure as a decent member of society. However, as the person under this appellation is well known in the spouting world, and his necessities are, it is believed, at present full as many as they are represented, such generous and charitable persons as think him an object of charity, may relieve him by their donations sent to the publisher, which will be carefully transmitted him.

To the Author.

Sir,

There is no doubt, that, by the character of Mr. Either-side, the great political writer, you certainly meant me; and upon my first reading of it, and in the ferment of my passion, I should certainly

tainly have called you to account in a gentleman-like manner, if, luckily for you, my sword had not then been in my uncle's possession: I have since had the philosophy to consider your picture as nothing more than a ludicrous representation of myself, and the many other political writers, who, without having the least personal interest, party attachment, or public zeal in the present *state* contest, abuse and insult half the great personages in the kingdom, for the sake of a few pence: and viewing your satire in this light, I may venture to say I am greatly obliged to you, as you have opened my eyes, and I now see the infamy of prostituting my pen, and aspersing the most amiable characters for a little dirty gain. In this opinion, Sir, and as the present harvest is now at an end, I am resolved

never

never to be dabbling again in political controversies, but, like a brother writer, have turned my mind entirely to physic and nostrums : if I am not so successful as him to ride in my chariot with the sole assistance of honey-water, bardana, and puddle-dock, I hope at least to live comfortably upon the *essence of life*, and the *genuine alimentary powder*. The first, Sir, by its extraordinary operation, gives an admirable circulation to the blood and juices, destroys the hypochondriac, promotes the most natural desires, and creates the most agreeable ideas : the second great nostrum, is an improvement upon a discovery lately made in France, and which will be highly serviceable to the republic of letters, this powder serving for both meat and drink ; and as an ounce will support a genius a week, it is hoped

none

none of the literati will ever perish through want when it is made public. I could swell a folio without exhausting the praises of these two great nostrums; but shall add nothing at present, except the acknowledgment I make of the obligation due to you for having diverted my attention from the body politic to the body corporate, and I flatter myself I shall not appear so great a quack in my new vocation as my former. I am, &c.

This letter requires no comment, without it were to wish the character of Either side might work as good an effect upon his cotemporaries, as it has upon himself, and thereby ease the press from the political labours it groans under.

14 MA 64
F I N I S.

Bedford Coffee-House,

Two Days after the Publication of the
preceding Memoirs.

Genius 1. **W**HAT the pox is
here! — Memoirs of
the Bedford Coffee-house! What im-
pudent scoundrel has had the assurance
to put us in print?

Genius 2. Poh! poh! it's some catch-
penny thing, all title. — I suppose it's
Memoirs of the Bedford Coffee-house,
or any other Coffee-house, or what you
will.

Genius 3. No—egad there are real
characters—I am sure you're there
Jack—and so is Ned.

Genius 2. The devil I am—Why,
Hobster, do you know any thing of the
fellow that wrote this?

H. No,

H. No, Sir, not without it's that little man in black, that's just now gone out.

Genius 2. What makes you think it's him?

H. Because, Sir, I've seen him lately with a cleaner shirt than usual, and he has generally called for something, which he never did till lately.

Genius 1. So you think he has received the price of his labour, which he's now spending.

Genius 2. Egad now I think of it, —I used to see the rascal scribbling in next box, and be very attentive when any body was talking, or any thing going forward.

Genius 3. And then again, he used never to interfere in the conversation, but give a silent sneer, as much as to say, You're all a parcel of fools.

the

Genius 1. I believe it amounts to a libel; if so, we may certainly get the rascal pilloried.—Let's ask *Dick Parchment* if we may'nt lodge an information against him and his publisher.

Genius 2. —To stile himself a *Genius*, as if he was one of us;—a pretty *Genius* indeed! we'll teach him how to write *Memoirs* another time.—Had he put by a *scribbling Garretteer*—a *starved author*, a *Grubstreet poet*, or the like, there might have been some truth in it.

Genius 3. Well, if he is not a *Genius*, we'll dub him one; we'll give him an airing in a blanket, which will rarify his ideas, and make him write more sublime another time.

Genius 1. I have it—we'll send for him to a tavern, pretend to admire his wit and humour, make him drunk, let him cascade in his pockets, give him
him

him a blanketing to sweeten him, then send for his printer and his devils to take him away, and let 'em all go to hell together.

Genius 2. } Ha! ha! ha! (*they laugh*
Genius 3. } *applause.*)

Genius 2. An excellent scheme, and we'll execute it to night.

H. But suppose, after all, this should not be the man.—I've nothing for it but what I tell you.

Genius 3. A good supper can never come amiss to a poor author; and as to the exercise we shall give him, it will be good for his health.

“The Author's compliments to the
“three Geniuses, and will wait upon
“them at the hour appointed

“Pray let there be a surloin for the
“devils, for they're very fond of roast
“beef.”

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